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AN ENGLISH PARSON IN AMERICA

BY

THE REV. JAMES DUNCAN, O.B.E., M.A.
RECTOR OF EASINGTON, CO. DURHAM

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION

BY

THE RIGHT REVEREND LAURISTON L. SCAIFE, D.D.
BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF WESTERN NEW YORK

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To

THE RECTOR AND PEOPLE
OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.,
AND ALSO TO ALL THE OTHER FRIENDLY
AMERICANS WHOSE COURTESY AND KINDNESS
MADE MEMORABLE THE VISIT TO THE UNITED
STATES OF THE AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE.

INTRODUCTION

by

The Right Rev. LAURISTON L. SCAIFE, Bishop of Western New York.

For some years I have been keenly interested in the profit which would accrue both to the Church of England and the Episcopal Church in the United States if it were possible to arrange for exchanges between the clergy of our two Churches. I am happy that such exchanges are now being made and it is especially gratifying that we, in the Diocese of Western New York, have been able to experience the positive benefits of such a procedure. The Rev. James Duncan acted as rector of St. Peter's Church, Niagara Falls, for three months. During that time he gave us all a much clearer understanding of our mother Church in England than we have had before. Dean Hammond, who exchanged parishes with him, returned to Niagara Falls full of enthusiasm for the insights and experiences which had come to him in England.

I sincerely hope that we may be able to increase and encourage such exchanges, to our mutual advantage. In these days of frustration and uncertainty, everything which we can do to strengthen the ties between fellow Christians in every land is most essential. I know no better way to make real and vital this relationship between our Churches than by the interchange of clergy.

It was a privilege to us to have the Rev. James Duncan in this Diocese. I look forward to having other English clergymen in the years to come.

LAURISTON L. SCAIFE.

April, 1951.

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PREFACE

I nearly called this book " The Friendly American." That is an apt description of its contents.

" What is your strongest impression," asked an interested inquirer, " of your trip to the States ? "

My answer was prompt : " The friendliness of the people whom I met."

Perhaps I was just lucky or extremely fortunate. But from the beginning to the end of my tour, which touched life at many points, I found Americans kind, helpful, hospitable, and understanding. Extravagant though the claim may sound, I did not even encounter the exception which is supposed to prove the rule.

" You talk," said one good fellow to me, " as though all Americans are good."

" Nonsense," I replied. " I have too much respect for logic and honesty to say so. What I do declare is that all the Americans I have met so far are pleasant and friendly."

My narrative will justify, I hope, the conclusions I reached about at least a section of citizens in the New World.

It is impossible to express in cold print my thanks to the members of St. Peter's Church, and the Church of the Redeemer, Niagara Falls, New York. They accepted me cordially as their temporary pastor ; they never faltered in their loyalty and co-operation.

My bishop was the Right Reverend Lauriston L. Scaife, of the Diocese of Western New York. He gave me a public welcome, and encouraged me in all my work. In his own cathedral at Buffalo, he invited me to read the Preface at a Confirmation service, and later to assist at a celebration of Holy Communion. This made ecclesiastical history, for I was the first priest from England to hold a licence " on exchange " in the diocese.

The admirable Introduction, contributed by Bishop Scaife, will be read with more than passing interest. I am grateful to him for it.

The Episcopal Church in America is highly esteemed. It is vigorous, progressive and influential. It seems to attract people who give serious thought to religion and its claims. Its *via media* position makes a strong appeal to those who want authority and

solidity along with reasonable liberty and adaptability to modern conditions. There are signs that the Episcopal Church may lead a religious revival and spiritual campaign of Christian churches outside the Roman Communion.

The American Episcopal Church is the eldest daughter overseas of the Church of England. It is, in my opinion, destined to play an increasingly important part in the whole Anglican Communion. Its roots are in Canterbury, but its own independence is now firmly established, and finds expression in manifold activities, and conspicuously in missionary expansion.

Of course, there are differences between Britons and Americans. It is wise to recognize them, and then seek for common understanding. But the two nations are at one on the essentials of Christian civilization. They speak the same language ; they believe in representative government, liberty of worship, respect for human personality, freedom of speech, the rights of man, and the laws of God.

I was present at many gatherings when Americans sang " The Star-Spangled Banner "—the official anthem of the Republic since 1931—and then went on to sing " God Save the King." They always referred to our own King and Queen with respect, and declared they were the bulwark of the British Commonwealth. America's relationship with Canada is close and friendly.

The bonds that bind the United Kingdom and the United States must be strengthened to last through every political and social stress.

To this desirable consummation, it is my hope that my book, " An English Parson in America," will make its own distinctive contribution.

JAMES DUNCAN.

The Rectory,
Easington Village,
County Durham.

Chapter I

HOW IT BEGAN

Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
" We are one ! "

W. Allston.

Some years ago Fred Brown, Easington Village youth, went to Canada in search of work and modest competence. He found neither. But neighbours, almost equally impoverished, were friendly and helpful.

" Cross the river into Niagara," they suggested. " Industry is thriving there ; development is likely to be rapid ; and prospects are excellent for the right men."

The still-hopeful Englishman took the advice. It set his feet on a road that led to regular employment in a large factory, a permanent career, and increasing prosperity. He accepted American citizenship and identified himself with the life of the community. He married, bought a house and garden, educated a son and daughter, and explored the country in his own motor car. A keen churchman, Fred became a member of the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, and accepted a bishop's licence as a diocesan lay reader. His services have been in constant demand. Sorrow came when his wife died after a happy partnership, strengthened by early struggles, overcoming obstacles, and gradual emergence into comparative affluence.

It was natural that his thoughts should turn at such a time to England, and to his own kith and kin. He decided to pay them a visit. And so he crossed the Atlantic by aeroplane in the summer of 1949, completing the journey from London by train. On his first Sunday in Easington he made his communion in the picturesque 800-year-old church. He stayed to speak to me after the service.

A few weeks later Fred Brown called to see me at the rectory. Miss Hilda Twitty, of nearby Horden, was with him. " We are going to be married," said Fred. " We should like you to officiate, and also, as surrogate, obtain the necessary licence." Formalities

completed for a quiet wedding, we sat and smoked and talked about America.

" How would you like to go there ? " Fred asked suddenly.

" Personally, I should love it," I replied. " I have dreamed of a visit for years, but I do not see how I can manage it. The recent devaluation of the pound makes the cost prohibitive, and the Government has been forced to impose restrictions on travel abroad."

Fred smiled broadly. He threw a half-smoked cigarette—cigarettes are cheap in the States—into the fire, looked hard at me, and observed with more than suspicion of a drawl, " I guess I know a way in which it might be arranged with complete satisfaction to the interested parties. Please relax, and let me do the speaking for a minute or two."

Then he told me that the Very Rev. Blake B. Hammond, Rector and Dean of St. Peter's Church, Niagara Falls, desired to exchange parishes for three or four months with an incumbent in England.

" It is my belief," Fred concluded, " that Easington Village is just the place he is seeking. Your old church is a great attraction, the rectory is comfortable, and I understand that your stipend is relatively equal to his. In churchmanship there is hardly a shade difference in the colour."

He paused to light another cigarette. Then he went on, as I listened still in silence, " I know that you and your wife like travel, and have seen a good deal of Europe. Go farther afield next year and cross the great Atlantic. I can assure you that if you take temporary charge of St. Peter's Church, Niagara, the people will welcome you with open arms, and will soon make you feel at home."

And that is how it all began.

A few days later I married Fred Brown and Hilda Twitty by licence at a quiet morning wedding in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Easington Village. When I congratulated them, the bridegroom said, " My bride and I invite you to our home in Niagara and we hope you will come next year. Now promise you will write to Mr. Hammond about an exchange of parishes, and I will discuss it with him on my return to the States."

I promised. Then I wrote an explanatory letter to the Rector of St. Peter's Church. Subject to episcopal authority, I declared I was ready to make a temporary exchange of parishes, but I would like to know his mind about the proposal.

His reply was prompt and cordial. There was at once entire

agreement between us, and so it was easy later to hammer out details to our mutual satisfaction. He added that he needed a house large enough to accommodate himself, his wife, and four daughters, the eldest being 12, and the youngest three years old.

With parental pride he wrote : " They are four lovely girls. We are specializing in feminine charm. It is not that we do not like boys. We do, but it is not our good fortune to have one. Yet we would not trade our darlings for all the boys in the world."

My reply went by air mail. I offered him my rectory, church, stipend, fees, grounds, and all else that went with my pastoral office.

After this, my troubles began. There were many lions in the way. But it was good fun challenging them, and removing them from the path one by one. I first sought permission of the Bishop of Durham to make the exchange and to be away from my parish for more than the statutory three months. As usual, he was considerate and understanding. He gave his consent at once. But he also warned me that his own authority was limited. It would be necessary for him, he said, to make inquiries about the Very Rev. Blake B. Hammond from his bishop in Western New York. If—as he expected—he was satisfied with the information, he would pass it on to the Archbishop of York, who would decide ultimately whether a licence could be granted under the Colonial Clergy Act.

Dr. Williams lost no time. He is distinguished among the elect who answer letters by return of post. Yet two months elapsed before he was able to write to me : " I have now heard from Bishop Scaife, commending Mr. Hammond, and saying how glad he will be to see you in his diocese." Soon afterwards came the news that the Archbishop of York approved the exchange and would grant an official ecclesiastical licence.

Mr. Hammond emerged from the test with flying colours. It was clear he was essentially the right man to make the journey to a North-Country parish in England. He was born and educated in Maryland. A classical scholar of his University, he pursued his studies long after graduation. He had a reputation as an athlete, and on one occasion played " soccer " in an All American team. His mind was set on ordination, and as a young and promising priest he was marked for promotion. Tall, robust, energetic, he possessed powers as an administrator, and the vestrymen of St. Peter's Church, Niagara, claimed him as their own. On his appointment to this important living, the Bishop of Western New York made him Dean

of Niagara, and continued to draw upon his knowledge of men and affairs.

I was confident that Blake Hammond, just under forty, would fit admirably into church life in England. Subsequent happenings brought ample confirmation of my early-formed belief.

I sent a brief record of myself and my ministry to Bishop Scaife, offering further information if it were deemed necessary. His immediate reply was frank and friendly. He swept formalities aside. He said he would issue a licence to me to officiate in any church in his diocese, and that he strongly approved the proposed exchange, and concluded, " When you arrive, I shall be most happy to see your wife and you and to welcome you personally."

So much for my ecclesiastical superiors. What of the secular authority ? Fortunately for me, I went at once to see the foreign correspondent of my bankers. He was expert, well informed, swift to act. At his suggestion I wrote to the Bank of England, setting out at length the purpose of my visit to America. It was my intention, I declared, to earn dollars as both pastor and lecturer, and it was my hope—daring hope !—that I should return to Britain with my pockets full of them.

This must have pleased the Governors, for they granted me permission to travel, and also threw in an allowance of £40 in travellers' cheques for my wife and me to cash in America. There was, however, a small fly in the ointment. I was told I must give " an undertaking that an equivalent amount in U.S.A. dollars will be surrendered on your return to this country, together with any unspent balance of your earnings in America."

There was a note about Mr. Hammond. I was informed that he could draw the whole of my quarter's stipend at Easington—or for a longer period if he continued to serve—but my own bankers would be required " to submit a precise statement of the amount paid to him whilst in the United Kingdom."

After the Bank of England left me in peace, the American Consulate at Newcastle-upon-Tyne set out its demands in pamphlets, forms and letters. It was all done with the courtesy, delicacy, and firmness of a dentist drawing troublesome teeth.

The Vice-Consul, in the absence of his chief, took a personal interest in the proceedings. He spoke smooth words. So, too, did his charming girl secretary. But there was no escape from the strict regulations governing the entrance of a British subject into the United States. The lions this time seemed big and fierce.

I was vaccinated, and supplied a doctor's certificate. I also submitted small photographs, untouched and unadorned, which were meant to establish my identification. At my request, my bankers testified to my financial soundness, drawing up a list of my stocks and shares, property, and other available assets. They also vouched for the good character and faith of my wife and myself, and added they were convinced we would leave New York for Southampton on the date specified on the boat ticket.

All this done, the secretary tactfully but unfalteringly posed questions about my mission to the States, my hopes, and my ambitions. " I am afraid," she said, " I must point out to you that the vestrymen of St. Peter's Church, Niagara, who are accepting responsibility for your stipend, must supply an affidavit to that effect. An ordinary statement to do so is not sufficient. Here is the regulation."

She put a form before me, and I read :

" A guarantee must be given in the form of an affidavit sworn to before a notary public in the United States, setting forth the intention and ability of the sponsors to provide for the maintenance and welfare of the applicant during the visit to the United States."

" When this has been done," she said brightly, " you may return to this office, and I shall then take your finger prints."

Vestrymen and churchwardens are important persons in the Episcopal Church in America. Even high ecclesiastical dignitaries must treat them with due care and courtesy and circumspection. But from the start I found those at St. Peter's Church to be understanding, kind, and business-like. My appeal to them brought the official documents as well as a message of welcome, and an expression of good wishes.

I returned to the Consulate office, and handed the papers to the secretary. She scanned them rapidly. " I'm glad to tell you they are all right. Now let me take your finger prints."

She was an adept at the work. Even so, it was a longer process than I had anticipated. But I hardly noticed the time for she made both operation and conversation light. She carefully pressed my thumbs and fingers separately on an inked surface. The resultant imprints were recorded for identification, and she told me the method was considered to be infallible. To me the black marks looked like ugly smears without meaning.

I learnt that experts now accept the theory of the persistence throughout the life of an individual of the shape or contour of the finger tips. This turns on a peculiarity of the human hand. The

skin is traversed in all directions by creases and ridges. These are ineradicable, showing no change from childhood to extreme old age.

Such persistence has been proved by scientific experiment. In 1823, at the University of Breslau, Professor J. E. Purkinje demonstrated the permanent character of finger prints. Later, Sir Francis Galton urged the introduction of finger prints to facilitate identification. He pointed out that they were proposed for the identification of Chinese when registering their arrival into the United States.

Sir E. R. Henry, chief commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, made the finger-print system popular in many parts of India, and used it successfully himself in the detection of criminals.

As a result of long investigation, a fourfold scheme of classification has been evolved. The various types employed are styled " arches," " loops," " whorls," and " composites." There are sub-classes also. They present little difficulty to an expert. He is able to describe each one by its symbol in the code arranged, so that the whole " print " can be read as a distinct and separate expression.

" Is the inquisition now over ? " I asked as the girl completed her task, and took my passport in her hand to stamp it, as I thought, with the all-important visa.

" Not quite," she said with a chuckle. " There is still a little more information required. And, of course, you must have your return ticket paid for and in your possession before we can issue the visa."

" And what shall I do then if you decide that my journey to the States is really not necessary, after all ? "

The Vice-Consul was standing near. I saw him and the secretary exchange glances. " I am inclined to think, " he said slowly, " you should go ahead, book your passage home, and arrange to sail on a day convenient to your wife and yourself."

We parted with mutual good wishes. I lost no time in obtaining proof of my intention to return to England from New York. Fortune favoured me. I was offered and accepted accommodation in the *Queen Elizabeth*, which was timed to leave New York on Wednesday, 23rd August.

The tickets actually were in my possession before my wife and I had completed arrangements to travel in the luxurious liner *America*, on 21st April. The date was propitious for it marked our silver wedding anniversary. In the circumstances a second honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls seemed exactly right.

In the early part of January the American Consulate sent to me my passport and visa. There was also a friendly note which said,

" Everything is now O.K. We hope you will have a pleasant trip and enjoy yourself in the United States."

At the other side of the Atlantic, Dean Hammond was having his own troubles in planning the visit of himself, his wife, and four daughters. He, too, had anxious moments, but in the end all difficulties were surmounted successfully.

He made no effort to conceal his delight when he wrote to tell me they were leaving New York on board the *Queen Mary* on 22nd April. " We shall probably pass in mid-ocean," he wrote. " Do look out for us, and give us a wave."

I liked and I shared his optimism.

Chapter II

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds——
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband an' 'e gives 'er all she needs ;
But, oh, the little cargo boats, that sail the wet seas roun',
They're just the same as you an' me, a-plyin' up an' down.

Rudyard Kipling.

On Thursday, 20th April, 1950, my wife and I passed through the guarded dock gates at Southampton, and looked up with some awe at the gigantic liner *America*. We knew it was the largest and most luxurious ship of the United States. A descriptive booklet had provided facts and figures. We had examined the pictures with care and delight.

As we gazed at the vessel for the first time, we were glowing with a sense of proprietary interest. I had accepted an invitation to serve as Anglican chaplain for the journey to New York. My services were to be given free, but I felt somehow that I already belonged to the *America* and it belonged to me.

Still, it came as a surprise when a voice from an upper deck bellowed out my name. As I began to think someone else of the same name was intended, I heard a stentorian, " Don't go away. Stay where you are. I will be down in half a shake."

Soon there stood by my side a tall, good-looking Board of Trade official. We did not need an introduction. More than a score of years before this happy meeting, Sydney Walker was a choir boy in my Dawdon Church. I prepared him for confirmation, gave him his first communion, and later supplied him with testimonials of character which enabled him to become an engineer on Britain's greatest ship, the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Now, he told me in hurried words, he was in a home of his own at Southampton, had a charming wife, and the most wonderful baby (he was quite sure about this) in the town or out of it.

" I like my work in the Board of Trade," said Sydney. " And it is good to have a settled job on shore. I see as much of ships as I want to see here in the docks, and I have no longer a desire to sail to the far corners of the earth."

There was much to hear and tell. And so when the Customs' officers had dealt with our baggage, we all trooped on board the *America*. Sydney led us first to our berth in the Cabin class. Here we found telegrams from Easington friends congratulating us on our silver wedding, and wishing us *bon voyage*. Beautiful red tulips stood on a table, placed there by Mrs. Walker, and giving rich colour to our restricted but comfortable quarters.

We were on " A " deck, and within easy reach of the dining saloon, lounge, library, and writing room. We explored these places in turn, watching also the arrival of passengers, and taking stock of the things that happen before a huge ship can put out to sea. When Sydney Walker and his wife went off in cheerful mood to their home and child, we took the chance of consuming coffee and sandwiches which were supplied on a liberal scale in the cocktail bar.

Standing near us were a couple that we liked at sight. I dropped a conventional remark. There was instant response. We decided to share a table for the journey, and the next morning we met at breakfast. By this time the ship was on the open sea, many miles from the homeland. It was pleasant to have leisure to eat and talk and to enjoy congenial companionship. Our table companions, Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith, lived near London. They were making a second trip to the United States, where rich and influential friends were to motor them round the vast country, and also into Canada.

" I have retired early from business," said Mr. Goldsmith. " Yes, I have done pretty well, thank you. And now we both are to indulge a passion for travel. We want to meet old friends, and to make new ones, and to do some of the things we have always desired to do, but have not had the chance to do them until recently."

When we had told something about ourselves, Mrs. Goldsmith said suddenly, " I always study the hands of people I meet for the first time. It is my opinion that hands reveal character and personality."

I took my hands away quickly and hid them from sight.

" Too late," she laughed. " I saw them last night, and again at breakfast this morning. Do not worry. You have survived the test."

I recalled what the late Bishop Hensley Henson, for long years my diocesan and friend, said about his own small but well-shaped hands. " God fits the hand to the tool," he observed.

This was indeed true of him. His main " tool " was a quill pen. It

cut sharper and deeper than a two-edged sword. His mastery of English was due to life-long discipline. He told me that in his early manhood he decided to write his sermons with care and precision. He added that he was thankful he had kept the resolution. He then showed me the manuscript of a sermon he had just preached with eloquent force. The penmanship was as legible as print. He made use of large and small writing to stress his points, and also red and black inks. The most pregnant phrases were underlined, and here and there the finger of a clenched fist pointed to a statement of particular significance.

Yet these were but the trimmings of immaculate prose, clear-cut phrase, carefully chosen words, and a trenchant style. Hensley Henson had a lawyer's gift in his statement of a brief. But he often failed to carry conviction because not his logic but his major proposition was at fault.

The bishop's hands, of course, like his eloquent tongue, were merely pliable instruments of his penetrative mind, dynamic spirit, and puckish humour. His sense of fun was matched by a sensitiveness discernible to those who knew him best.

I suspect that Mrs. Goldsmith was ready with a just rejoinder when a steward handed to me my first radiogram. It gave me a thrill. I read :

"To the Rev. and Mrs. James Duncan, s.s. *America*, W.S.L. Radio. *Bon voyage* all the way and congratulations on your silver wedding anniversary. Charles Krause and family. Milwaukee."

I first met Charles Krause and his family in Switzerland after the second great war. We were guests in the same hotel. We found much in common, and a mutual liking kept us in touch. We all were looking forward to a happy reunion in Milwaukee.

And now the strange thing happened. I walked straight from the dining saloon into my berth. As I entered I stumbled over a large suit case. It was not mine, and so I looked at the label to see to whom it belonged. There in bold letters I read the name KRAUSE !

With the radiogram still in my hand, I called an attendant, told him of the mistake that had been made, and requested him to take the case to its owner. I followed on his heels. An elderly man was beaming over the recovery of his belongings, and speaking with a German accent.

I showed him my message and asked whether he had relations in Milwaukee. "I do not know of any," he replied. "But as you know, Milwaukee has a very large German colony, and there may be some connection."

We went on talking, to find the long arm of coincidence stretching out far. I learnt that Mr. Krause was on the staff of an English university. After the war began in 1939, he was sent to the aliens' camp at Douglas, Isle of Man. It became obvious that he had no political sympathy with Nazi aspirations nor with totalitarianism. This subsequently led to his release, and a return to work and civic liberty.

Now it happened that I was a lecturer for the Ministry of Information throughout the campaign. It took me to several places in the North of England. Then one day I received an invitation from the British Council to go to the Isle of Man for a week to give a series of " popular talks " to the civilian internees. As it was an offer after my own heart, I accepted it readily.

And so, armed with Home Office authority, I made the short journey from Liverpool by air. I arrived on Saturday afternoon, and I was asked to give my first lecture to Germans and Austrians on Sunday morning in a Douglas internment camp. It was an interesting experience ; I managed to evoke laughter and to stimulate discussion. The company was small but most appreciative. They pressed me to give a second talk, taking as my subject " The Art of Thinking."

My programme was a full one, as I had to cover the camps in the Island, but in the end I agreed to return the following Friday for an after-dinner talk.

To my surprise the largest hall in the camp was crowded to the door for the meeting. Explanation came when the secretary, unable to restrain his mirth, said, " I know, gentlemen, that Mr. Duncan will not mind when I tell him that he has been advertised to give a talk with plenty of humour. We want to forget as well as remember. We desire to be amused as well as edified. We are sure he will help us to feel happy as well as think soundly."

Well, the gathering was cheerful enough in the circumstances. Its objective was to strengthen the morale of civilians, many of whom were the victims of hard fate, and to provide diversion, and discussion on non-political topics. When I left the platform many members of the audience pressed to shake hands and to thank me.

Among them was Professor Krause, my Cabin-class neighbour on the liner *America* !

He told me that he and his wife had applied for and been granted full British citizen rights. " I am a naturalized Englishman," he said proudly.

" And what now ? " I asked.

" I am going on a lecture tour in the States and in Canada. The itinerary is, of course, already arranged for me. I do hope many people will come to listen to me, and will not be troubled by my German accent."

He put out his hand to me in a spontaneous gesture. I did not observe either its size or shape. I was conscious only of a quiet voice, saying with sincerity, " It is so nice to meet you again like this. And it seems very strange. Perhaps it is—what do you call it ?—oh, yes, a happy augury for the future for both of us, and for all those Germans and Austrians whom you met in your own lecture tour in the Isle of Man."

So began my first day at sea. Before the end of it Cabin-class passengers had settled comfortably. They were friendly, not standing upon the order of their going nor demanding formal introduction. A breezy medical man offered me a cigarette, and then told me he was on his way to the States to lecture and to attend lectures. " I picked up some useful things in the war," he said, " and the Big Boys at home feel I ought to pass 'em on."

When he heard I was from Easington, he exclaimed, " I know the ancient village and its historic church. Billy Hewitson, whose home is near your rectory, was a medical colleague of mine. He is a clever surgeon, and he taught me much."

It was, however, in the dining saloon that conviviality and comradeship were most clearly in evidence. Little wonder ! The place itself was like a fairy palace with its bright lights, colourful decorations, tuneful orchestra, and an abundance of rich and varied fare. On the menu appeared a list of more than sixty items of food. As one looked at it, Great Britain and ration cards and austerity seemed very far away.

The dark-skinned table steward, with shining eyes and strong, white teeth and—as I discovered—with a sane philosophy of life, was wise in suggestion and amazing in memory. He listened patiently while the four guests made their choice, and then transmitted the order unerringly to the kitchen staff.

" How do you do it ? " I asked.

" I guess it is just experience," he replied.

The merriest dinner party was on Gala Night. Guests abandoned themselves to the occasion, helped by dainty paper caps, toy drums, shrill trumpets, Harry Lauder songs led by the orchestra, and an admirable meal, excellently cooked, and expeditiously served.

At the height of the fun a steward appeared, bearing in his hands a bottle of champagne wrapped in a clean, white cloth. All eyes were turned on him. He walked slowly and with dignity. At our table he stopped, looked at me, and said slowly, " You are Mr. Duncan, I understand, sir. I am asked to convey to you the compliments of the Chief Steward, and to tell you that he received a radiogram from your friends, Dr. and Mrs. George Mueller, of New Jersey City, with a request to serve you to-night with a bottle of champagne. Dr. and Mrs. Mueller wish you to accept it, with their congratulations, to mark your silver wedding."

He poured out the precious liquid expertly into our glasses. Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith toasted my wife and me, and we toasted them. Then my partner said, " Let us drink to Dr. and Mrs. Mueller, two of the kindest persons we know. And when we see them, as we shall do soon, may they be glowing with health and happiness."

Our stock went up perceptibly with our fellow travellers after the champagne episode. I was not surprised, therefore, when a steward, with marked deference, said, " The Chief Purser would like to see you in his office, sir, whenever it may be convenient to yourself."

" I will return with you at once," I replied.

The Chief Purser, a very important person on a luxury liner, greeted me in affable manner. He was big in body and large in mind. He was one of those rare business men who work at full pressure and yet make it appear they have all the time in the world for those who consult them about some trifling affair.

" I want to thank you," he said, " for consenting to act as chaplain on the *America*. We value and appreciate it. We wish to co-operate with you in every way to make the Sunday services successful. I suggest Holy Communion at 8 a.m., and a morning service at 11 a.m. in the first-class saloon. We shall publish notices in the *Ocean News*, the ship's newspaper, and also in the tourist, cabin and first-class quarters."

" And what about altar vessels, wafer bread, candlesticks, flowers, and so forth ? " I asked.

" We have everything you need," he answered. " A steward will prepare the table and the saloon, and will also look after you personally at both services."

When he stood up and shook hands, he added, " As our chaplain, I want you to know that our officers will be glad to see you at any time. You may have the full run of the ship, go where you like, and see what you like. If you desire refreshment I can recommend our

first-class cocktail bar. My own office, perhaps, may make a pleasant alternative."

On the Sunday morning I celebrated Holy Communion. The fifteen communicants were appreciative, and it was decided to have another Holy Communion service before we got to New York. The Chief Purser himself made the suggestion.

As I was putting on my surplice for the 11 a.m. service, my intelligent steward, who had made everything easy for me, said, " You have a full house this morning, sir. The orchestra is in grand form, and I know we are in for a good time."

The palatial saloon was packed with people of divers races, colours and creeds. Officers and members of the crew were also present. The assistant purser read the lesson ; the ship's orchestra led the hymns and canticles.

There was an atmosphere of worship. I have never conducted a happier service ; the major part of the congregation seemed familiar with the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church in America.

In my address I mentioned a visit to the United States by Jan Masaryk, whose recent tragic death had shocked the world. He was asked the question, " To what race do you belong ? " With characteristic humour he replied, " I belong to the human race."

Masaryk, I said, loved his fellow men. This sprang largely from his deep religious faith. In the last troubled months of his life, when he was tormented by the conflict of ideologies, he said, " If I am forced to choose between Cæsar and Jesus, then I choose Jesus. I shall remain loyal to the belief of my fathers."

Looking at my strangely mixed company, I reminded them that the crash gates, separating class from class, were open to enable us all to meet for the worship of God.

" We may not have another opportunity like this," I said, " to gather together in fellowship. So let us make the most of it, and remain for a time after the service, and mingle and talk."

When I left the saloon to take off my robes, an American woman turned to her neighbour, shook hands, and said, " The preacher is right. Christians ought to be much more friendly than they are. And so let's get to know each other and talk."

They did. " I wish," observed the lady from the States, " that the English parson could be told that you and I have acted upon his advice."

" I will tell him," replied the other.

" Do you know him, then ? "

" I ought to know him. You see, I'm his wife, and this is our silver wedding honeymoon trip ! "

When I returned to the saloon I noticed that the congregation was in no hurry to disperse. They had broken up into little groups, and conversation was general.

A well-known London and New York publisher introduced himself to me. He told me that he and Jan Masaryk had been close personal friends, and described him as a great lover of life, and of his fellows.

I mentioned that I was in Prague when the great President himself was alive, and ruling the restored country in the spirit of the patron saint, Good King Wenceslas.

" Jan had some of the qualities of his father," said the publisher. " But he had a distinct personality of his own, and was able to travel through life under his own steam. . . . From my knowledge of him I am convinced that in normal circumstances he would not have thrown himself from a window."

In answer to a question of mine, he went on, " The mystery of his death has not yet been solved. But I have good authority for saying that marks were found on the body which must have been there before the fatal fall."

He left me, and the passengers in the saloon went back to their eating and drinking and entertainments, of which there was infinite variety in this queen of American ships.

I liked the comment of a ten-year-old maiden after she had watched a thrilling film in the theatre. " Gee, Mum," she said, " the movies are swell. And you know it does not cost us one single cent. Say, Mum, I wish it was the same at the cinema in Ohio."

It was her first trip, and she was enjoying it thoroughly. I then talked to a lady who had crossed the Atlantic more than a score of times. She kept her eighty-seventh birthday on the voyage. " And I must confess," she said to me, " that I still love sea travel. I enjoy the Bingo, and it is a pleasure to watch the dancing."

I learned that she was of French ancestry. She had married and buried two American husbands. " Your own accent betrays you are from England," she said to me. " I want to tell you—and I mean it—that I like and admire the British. Mark you, their tightness of lip and deep reserve make it difficult to know them well. But when you get their friendship and confidence you can count on them at all times. I regard the British as the most dependable people in the world."

I hid my blushes, and turned to an American business man. He lived in Buffalo, near Bishop Scaife, who was to be my church leader for the next few months.

" I want you to tell me," I said to him, " what impressions you formed of my country and people on your recent visit to Britain. I shall not mind honest criticism."

" I do not think the occasion is one for soft speech nor for lies," he replied. " I reckon you made a mistake when you let Winston Churchill go. In America we are scared of your increasing Socialist programme. Outside that, I liked your people. Britain, sir, is still a great nation and the Empire will ride the storm, and become mightier yet. You see, your best folk have got quality—real quality. It is the quality of culture and character and, at its finest, it cannot be beaten anywhere."

This generous tribute heartened me as we came to our journey's end. At 6.30 a.m. the next morning, Friday, 28th April, I snatched an early breakfast, and then went on deck to look for the first time at the Statue of Liberty. It was a reminder we were at last in the land of the free and the strong and the brave.

There was hustle and bustle on the ship. Good-byes were shouted as formalities were completed. The last of my £5 in English money vanished in tips, along with recently acquired dollars got in exchange for my travellers' cheques. Those who received gratuities deserved them. My wife and I had been served with efficiency and courtesy.

Customs' officials made quick work of their baggage examination. They permitted us to send off immediately two large trunks by rail to Niagara Falls.

I shouted a greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Krause as they passed, surrounded by a group of friends. Then we shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith before they entered a huge motor car, to be driven away on the first stage of their extensive trip in the States.

My wife and I walked outside the dockyard gates, feeling a little bewildered, and of small importance in vast New York City. A handsome coloured man caught sight of us, and came to our aid at once.

" Can I take care of you ? " he asked.

" You may," I said. " We shall be grateful for your help. We want to get to Calvary House, Gramercy Park."

He was a very smart fellow indeed. Almost quicker than I can tell the story, he had called a taxi, told the driver where to go, bundled

us and our luggage into the car, and ejaculated, " Everything is now O.K., sir. I hope you will have a good time in the States."

I offered him a tip. With a broad grin, he said, " There will be no pay, Father. I'm just glad to be of use to you."

As we moved away, he smiled again and waved his hand. There and then I thought of him as a Complete Rotarian. For two strangers of different race and colour he had put service above self.

It is something I shall remember always.

Chapter III

LIGHTS OF BROADWAY

It's just the little homely things,
The unobtrusive friendly things,
The " won't-you-let-me-help-you " things,
That make our pathway light.

Grace Haines.

" New York is the largest city in the world. That goes for London, too, of course."

So said the taxi driver. He was very positive. And there was challenge in his voice.

Defensively, I told him it was estimated that eight million people lived in the capital and suburbs of England.

" We swallowed that up long ago," he rejoined, " and we are expanding and increasing on all sides."

He was a cheerful, informative fellow. I preferred to listen to him rather than express views of my own just then. For I found New York vast, exciting, and overwhelming. Skyscraper buildings caught the eye ; the roar and rush of traffic assailed the ears. The roads along which we travelled were thick with vehicles ; dense crowds surged in the main avenues.

Our taxi moved like the wind whenever opportunity came. It halted quickly when signals were against it or obstacles beset its path.

Nothing seemed to disturb the serenity of the driver. He shifted chewing gum from one cheek to the other ; occasionally, he spat expertly from the corner of his mouth. " The way to drive in New York," he said, " is to grasp the rules and regulations and keep them. You must know where you are going or you may find yourself in an unknown destination in the next world before you want to go there." His running commentary on the city and its sights did not cease until the car stopped in Gramercy Park. He pointed to a large dwelling, and said, " That, sir, is Calvary House."

Gramercy Park is now a place of faded glory. It belongs to an older generation of grandeur and fashion. At one end of it stands Calvary Church, to which Calvary House is attached. The rector is

the Rev. Samuel Shoemaker, well known as preacher, broadcaster, and author. He plays a conspicuous part in the religious and social life of the city.

Pleasant, zealous, competent, Dr. Shoemaker is inspired with evangelical ardour. His books reveal amazing incidents in his successful dealings with people. All sorts of men and women make their way to Calvary House to consult him as a physician of souls. He and his wife occupy rooms there, and so, too, do a number of paying guests. Good-sized halls provide ample facilities for stage plays or social gatherings. There are offices for a female clerical staff, and the atmosphere suggests business efficiency as well as spiritual enrichment.

Calvary House is a hive of industry and activity from early morning to late at night for seven days in the week. I have not seen its like in Great Britain.

Dr. Shoemaker—who had sent to me a written invitation to stay at Calvary House—was away from home when I arrived. But his competent secretary welcomed my wife and me in what we soon discovered was typically friendly fashion. She took us upstairs to our bedroom. Lighted by two windows, it was large and comfortably furnished. It had twin beds, bathroom, writing table, reference books and a telephone.

" Do you like it ? " the girl asked.

" I think it is lovely," my wife answered promptly. " We are lucky to get such a beautiful place on our first visit to New York."

" You are indeed," said the secretary. " This room is specially reserved for bishops. But as Mr. Duncan is here in the States as an exchange Episcopal minister from England, we all felt that you and he ought to have the privilege of it. Dr. Shoemaker wishes me to say that he hopes you will be very happy with us."

Later, I met my fellow guests at dinner in a cosy dining room. They were a select and delightful company. Formalities were brushed aside, but never tact, courtesy, and consideration. Most of the residents were engaged in professional or commercial work. In Calvary House they were bound together by ties of religion and social service. They all helped to serve the meal, and both men and women cleared tables and washed dishes.

Talk went " from gay to grave, from lively to severe." It was never dull, and the passing of interesting information was generally spiced with wit and humour.

On one occasion I said innocently, " I am afraid I do not know

much about your principal church papers. What, for instance, is your best and most representative weekly ? "

There was an explosion of laughter. Then someone said, " Ask your neighbour." I turned to a pleasant woman on my left who, I had noticed, was well primed on church affairs. She murmured softly, " You ought to know that I am associate-editor of *The Living Church*. It has a High Church flavour, not too palatable to some of these reprobate evangelicals sitting near you at the table. My humble opinion, for what it is worth, is that *The Living Church* is the leading church weekly in America."

" I will take your word for it," I said. " I have had a nodding acquaintance with it for years, but I shall now hope to get more intimate knowledge at first-hand."

I met scores of people at Calvary House in my few days there. It was an illuminating experience. I spoke to no individual who had not something of special and personal interest to impart. I encountered no bore, crank, or religious eccentric. And I liked nothing better than a mid-week early celebration of Holy Communion attended by the guests and staff of Calvary House. Afterwards we met in the dining room for breakfast, a hurried meal for men and women who had to rush away to offices in the city.

Dr. Shoemaker was present. By this time I knew that he was the centre and inspiration of the community life at Calvary House. It was common knowledge that he had been nominated, according to the custom of the Episcopal Church in America, for a vacant bishopric, and that elections—another part of the procedure—were pending. His admirers were pleased at the recognition of his merits, but they also were concerned at the possible loss of his inspired leadership.

When the votes were counted, Dr. Shoemaker came second in a strong list of candidates. He remained an undisputed first at Calvary, Gramercy Park.

A young man at the house told me that his name was Dick Shepherd.

" That's English enough," I commented.

" Centuries ago," said Dick, " I believe ancestors of mine crossed the wide ocean and settled in New York State. I regard myself, however, as a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee. What I really want you to know about me is that I have just taken my degree at an American University. I hope some day to be ordained. Meanwhile, I have time on my hands, and I'm at your service if you want someone to take you round this place known as New York City."

Dick became guide, philosopher and friend. He knew his way

through the fascinating, cosmopolitan town, and his answers shot back to my quick-firing questions. He unfolded for me strange scenes, curious sights, and obscure streets as well as fashionable avenues. He took me to historic churches and prattled of ecclesiastics, and modern religious development.

In the middle of Fifth Avenue itself, he took hold of my arm, and exclaimed, " I'm not one of Sam Shoemaker's lambs. I like him, and I admire his work enormously. But I'm right at the other end of the churchmanship pole."

He made a dramatic gesture with his hands. I admired his youthful enthusiasm, a natural impatience of half-measures, and a capacity to suffer martyrdom for a cause in which he believed. I was not therefore surprised when he continued passionately, " I'm a member of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. It's out-and-out Catholic. People say it is the most ritualistic church in the States. You must come with me to High Mass next Sunday morning. It will open your eyes, I can tell you."

I went with him. Rain was falling heavily, but the large church was nearly full when the service began. Ceremonial was elaborate and dignified. The celebrant, and those associated with him, were accurate in word, and precise in movement. They kept to the beautiful liturgy of the American Church, and the obviously sympathetic congregation responded to acts of praise and worship. I noticed on the service form that the same people contributed 4,500 dollars to the Easter offertories.

It was clear to me—and I told the happy Dick so—that the priests at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin—the name also of my Easington Church—were esteemed and honoured and were meeting the spiritual needs of hundreds of worshippers.

I was thankful that the Anglican Communion in the States could find a place for the zealous evangelical, the fervid ritualist, and the inquiring liberal. It is wiser to encourage religious enthusiasm, and to strive to direct it, than to chill or kill it. Apathy is a deadly sin. Faithful pilgrims will surely find Heaven's gates wide and open by whatever road these are reached.

As I was leaving the church a clergyman came to me and shook hands. " I noticed you at the service," he said, " and I felt I must make myself known to you. My name is Plummer ; my father (now dead) was a professor at Durham University ; I was often at Auckland Castle in Bishop Westcott's time, and it struck me you might be acquainted with Durham diocese."

When I told him I was from Easington, he was interested at once in the exchange of parishes. Further talk revealed that the late Sir Walter Plummer, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and his twin brother Frederick, a former vicar of St. Hilda's, Sunderland, were his cousins. I knew them well. "The world is very small," he declared.

He confessed to occasional nostalgia, but added, "I like my work as a priest in the Episcopal Church here; from the start I settled happily in America. I will tell you the three things in life which give me the greatest satisfaction, and of which I am proudest. I am proud because I was born in Great Britain. I am proud because I was licked into shape at Winchester College, England, and I am proud to be a full American citizen."

When we parted he shouted after me, "Please give my love to the homeland and my friends there. Tell them that they and the Old Country will always live in my heart."

I found other links with the County of Durham when I visited the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Almost the first thing I saw was a bronze tablet in the south aisle, bearing the familiar St. Cuthbert's cross. It was presented by the Diocese of Durham.

Glass for some of the stained glass windows was supplied by Hartley's, at one time a flourishing firm in Sunderland, a town in Durham County.

The building itself is in the course of reconstruction. When completed, it will rank as one of the largest and most beautiful edifices in the world.

A new processional cross was used at the enthronement of Bishop Donegan. It contains jewels given by the family of the late able and beloved Bishop Manning. It is said that among them is a relic of the traditional True Cross, presented to the bishop by a representative of the Patriarchate of Jerusalem after the First World War.

On my first visit to the Cathedral, Bishop Donegan was taking a confirmation for school boys. It was short and impressive, and was marked by an admirable address. The prelate told the candidates that they must remember they belonged to the Catholic Church which began on the day of Pentecost. They owed allegiance to that branch of it known as the Anglican Communion which had spread throughout the world. The Episcopal Church in America was the oldest daughter of the Church of England, and came into being before the Pilgrim Fathers had left the Old Country for the New. The bishop described the arrival of the settlers under John Smith at Jamestown

in 1607, and the first celebration of Holy Communion on Virginia soil by the intrepid chaplain, Robert Hunt.

After the confirmation I talked with the bishop and cathedral dignitaries. Discussion was easy, free, informal. Some of them had been to England, and were familiar with Durham Cathedral and its neighbourhood. They were convinced that the Anglican Communion was destined to play an important part in world affairs if it remained true to itself, and was mindful of its great tradition and heritage, making full use of its learning, and its resources. I heard that in recent months a prominent Roman Catholic said openly, " In the United States we have the numbers. But I must confess that I envy the Episcopal Church for its zeal, influence, and prestige. It counts for much in this country."

From the cathedral, Dick Shepherd took me to the Bowery. What a contrast ! The Bowery is called " the place of lost souls." Once a centre of gay society and fashion, it now harbours in its mean streets the derelicts of life, the outcasts, rogues and vagabonds.

Yet hope is there like a rainbow in the sky. Outside a shabby plain building I saw a large card on which were printed the words : THE POOR MAN'S CATHEDRAL. I accepted an invitation to " walk in." The " bishop " met me. He was a different type from the polished prelate to whom I had just been talking. But I liked him equally well. He was made of the right stuff for his job. Strongly built, hard-boiled, rugged in manner, he suggested a weather-beaten sea captain, standing on a bridge, in a determined fight to save his ship with all the odds against him in a merciless and fierce gale.

" My cathedral isn't much of a place, I know," he said to me. " But it serves its purpose. We cater literally for the dregs of humanity. When a man is too drunk to stand or care we take him in. A poor devil, who has passed beyond redemption, and is ready to die, knows that our door will open to his knock."

He looked round. So did I. The hall had the semblance of a chapel. There were rows of seats ; walls were almost bare.

" Our guests pay nothing, of course," said the missioner. " They seldom have a cent in their pockets. They stretch on the seats and floor. If they pass out during the night, we bury them the next morning. If they survive, we try to put bread in their stomachs and the grace of God in their souls."

" Do you ever get anything to cheer and encourage you ? " I asked.

" Yes, we do. Now and again we save a brand from the burning. Some of them make good, earn an honest living, and train their

children to be useful citizens. One down-and-out is now a Methodist minister, and he always calls when he comes to New York."

He looked hard at me. "I knew you to be English at once," he observed. "I have met lots of parsons, but I want to tell you, sir, that few of them can like their jobs more than I do mine. The Bowery has its heartbreaks, but it also has its moments. Where are you staying?"

I told him. "Sam Shoemaker is one of the best," he said. "He comes to lend a hand now and again. He can afford to be expansive. In my work I must be as tough as leather . . . Thank you for your contribution, but thank you still more for listening to me. I appreciate a sympathetic ear."

Dick Shepherd and I went to a nearby Chinese restaurant for lunch. It was clean and comfortable. Efficient and silent waiters served a meal of pork, rice, eggs, ices and tea. I paid the bill. A dollar covered everything. It was my cheapest lunch in my American trip. It was also one of the most satisfying and appetising.

On that same day my wife and I had dinner on Broadway. Here were gaiety and pleasure and society and novelty and the theatre world. With its myriad lights Broadway suggested Fairyland. Places of entertainment were thronged ; goods were piled high in shops ; strikers, with a grievance to air, and a cause to espouse, ran to safety from the charges of mounted policemen ; large and small cars went unceasingly up and down the main thoroughfares.

We took our dinner in a popular hotel. Well-dressed women and prosperous-looking men sat at the tables. There were lights, and flowers, and decorations. An orchestra played soft music. Waiters moved unobtrusively, serving admirably cooked and succulent dishes. When the time came to drink our coffee, and smoke cigarettes, we felt at peace with all mankind.

Then a waiter arrived, bearing our bill on a silver salver. It brought us from dreams to reality. I handed to him a ten-dollar note, saying there would be no change. He thanked me, bowed, and withdrew like a vision of the night.

I knew then that there is a wide gulf between Broadway and Bowery.

We slipped into the first cinema we saw after leaving the hotel. We had no trouble in finding a comfortable seat. We sat up with a start. For James Mason was the hero or bad man in a sophisticated story, which opened with a scene in Gramercy Park—and near Calvary House, our temporary home in New York ! We gazed at

the Park with new eyes when we walked there on the following morning.

Broadway continued to attract me, and so, too, did Fifth Avenue, after the poverty of Bowery. I wanted to meet some of the affluent folk, and to peep inside a skyscraper building. Fortune favoured me. I had a letter of introduction to Mrs. Patterson, one of the proprietors of the *Daily News*, a relative of Colonel McCormick, and also of my friend, the Rev. James Lennox, Vicar of a Yorkshire parish.

My reception was as cordial as it was genuine. Mrs. Patterson herself took me round the huge building. She told me of the development and progress that had taken place under her husband, who had died at the height of a successful career. She showed me a letter written to him by President Roosevelt, together with a pen used by the President to sign an important treaty.

" This was the President's way," she explained, " of expressing his appreciation of some service my husband had rendered. I am proud, of course, to have both letter and pen."

I learned that the *Daily News* circulated widely, and was credited with the largest sales in New York. " I am afraid," she said, " that my contribution is small, but my sister and I like to keep in touch, and so we retain our seats in the office."

She signed and handed to me a copy of that day's issue, and also a recent London *Daily Express*. " The *Express*," she said, " comes to me every day by aeroplane. I like to read it ; it's alive. Lord Beaverbrook is one of Britain's ablest men. I admire him as a statesman and a shrewd journalist. It was a lucky thing for England when he left Canada, and walked into Fleet Street and the House of Lords."

My wife and I were unable to accept an invitation to dinner, and so we parted at the door of the *Daily News*' gigantic building. Mrs. Patterson called a taxi, and went off on an errand of mercy. Before she left us, she said to me, " I do hope you will keep to your intention of going to Chicago. I should like you to call on Colonel McCormick. The *Tribune* offices are well worth seeing." She smiled, and then added, " And so too is the Colonel himself. You won't be afraid of him, will you ? "

" Not if he is like you," I replied, bowing low.

Mrs. Patterson is Fifth Avenue, and all that is meant by that in New York. I found her a quiet, unpretentious, friendly woman—and a lover of England and English ways.

Chapter IV

WELCOME AT NIAGARA FALLS

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you.

Thomas O. Davis.

We had just got back to our bedroom at Calvary House after a substantial breakfast when the telephone bell rang. My wife took up the receiver. Following the initial cold and inquiring " Hullo ! " I noticed that her voice became warm and colourful, words flowing out like water from a fountain.

Dr. and Mrs. George Mueller were at the other end of the line. They were the good friends, it may be recalled, who ordered the champagne on the liner *America* to celebrate our silver wedding anniversary.

They explained they had been from home when we arrived in New York, and were seizing the first opportunity to invite us to stay for a few days at their country house at Rock Ridge Lane, Denville, New Jersey.

" But we are leaving New York for Niagara Falls to-morrow morning," my wife said. There was silence for a time. Mrs. Mueller broke it. " I guess that is a blow," she replied. " We must meet, my dear, before you go. Now, listen. George and I will call for you after lunch. We will have tea at our place ; dine out somewhere ; talk our heads off ; and then we shall run you back to Calvary House. It will be just lovely to see you both."

That is the American way. Hospitality sweeps away difficulties ; it flings its doors wide open to friends it delights to honour.

Dr. and Mrs. Mueller arrived in a large and powerful car. They greeted us with obvious pleasure at our reunion. Questions were fired off with the rapidity of a machine gun. It was only later, however, as we sped through the wonderful tunnel linking New York and New Jersey—one of the engineering miracles of our modern

age—that we were able to exchange coherently items of personal news which good friends like to hear and give.

Some years ago I was with Dr. Mueller in Switzerland when he received a letter informing him that a famous university was to bestow a fellowship upon him to mark his distinction as an eminent and skilful surgeon. Although he was naturally elated, he would not say much about his achievements. Great ability is nearly always tied to becoming modesty. " The occasion calls," said George, " for a first-class dinner and the best wine at my expense." It was then he was ready to accept our congratulations and good wishes.

Now he imparted to me the dismal information that the thumb of his right hand was almost useless. Something had suddenly gone wrong, and neither he nor his efficient colleagues could find a cure.

" You will understand," George observed quietly, " that as a surgeon I cannot operate effectively without the full use of my right thumb. I love my work, and I like to make a nice, clean job of a major operation. Brother, you have no idea of the thrill I get when I pull a patient back to health from the gates of death itself."

He stopped talking to steer the car through congested traffic. I recalled what Bishop Hensley Henson and Mrs. Goldsmith had said about hands. The hands of George Mueller were on the steering wheel. I glanced at them. To me, as a layman, his right thumb looked normal. His fingers were those of a dexterous, manipulative surgeon. These and the clever brain behind them were his tools—and his life.

And now the unworkable thumb. The irony of it ! My words of consolation fell flat.

" I guess," George Mueller said, without a trace of self-pity, " I'm not worried. I have made sufficient money to live upon, and I am retiring to a pleasant country house, where my wife and I will live happily ever afterwards. And so there are no tears, and no flowers, by request."

Our journey took us through busy New Jersey City and into quiet and picturesque country. Here on the edge of Rock Ridge Lake, Denville, by peaceful waters and in green pastures, stands the house of Dr. and Mrs. Mueller. It has been furnished to their own liking, and contains nearly all the gadgets and devices that gladden the hearts of a domestic staff. There are only a few houses near. We called at one of them because the residents originally came from the North of England. The owner of it said to me, " Man, it's grand to see you and your wife, and to be able to talk about the Old Country.

I have made my pile in America, and I like the place and people. But my heart is with my ain folk still. I wish I could go back with you to England, if only for a few weeks."

The hours at Denville sped on the wings of eagles. It was midnight before we set out again for Calvary House, but every place through which we passed was alive with people and aglow with illuminated signs and lights.

Suddenly, the car pulled up quickly. Two buses, proceeding in opposite directions, had stopped, and the drivers were engaged in animated conversation. They ignored the hoots of protest, and were blandly indifferent to loud cries of " Move on there, you guys. You're holding up a whole lot of us." At last, with their confidences ended, they leisurely restarted their engines.

As we passed one of the buses, Dr. Mueller shouted to the driver, " Charlie."

" Sir."

" Have you told your friend everything ? "

" Pretty well, buddy."

" Charlie."

" Sir."

" Send him a telegram next time. It will be quicker."

The driver accelerated, turning a deaf ear to our ribald laughter. Progress was slow all the way to New York. In the city itself motor cars were in every street and avenue. Citizens in the largest town in the world do not take their pleasures sadly ; the night life has a glamour and glory of its own.

It was 2 a.m. when we parted from Dr. and Mrs. Mueller. A sleepy attendant at Calvary House admitted us. He yawned and said, " What time are you leaving in the morning ? "

" We must be out of here not later than half-past six," I replied.

" In that case," he drawled, " I must ask you to let yourselves out. There will be no one about so early. You will be able to get breakfast on the train. I hope you will have a pleasant journey to Niagara. And now, sir, I shall wish you good-night."

Four hours later my wife and I left Calvary House, of pleasant memory, called a taxi, and were quickly transported to the railway station.

" I am very hungry," my wife said.

" So am I," I replied. " You run off and get something to eat and drink in a restaurant. I shall not touch anything until we are in the train."

The breakfast matched the appetite I brought to it. It was served by a coloured waiter, elderly and paternal. He urged us to eat. " We have plenty of supplies on this train," he said. " We like people to enjoy the meal and to take their fill. The dollar we charge is inclusive, except for the tip, and you need not be afraid to ask for more—and more."

He served us with iced water, orange juice, cereals, milk, ham, eggs, rolls, buttered toast, marmalade, and coffee. He added the seasoning of courtesy and smiling service. We returned for lunch and afternoon tea—pleasant interludes on the long journey.

Yet the trip never lacked interest, and time passed with surprising quickness. The seats, all facing one way, were roomy and comfortable. Train inspectors, attendants, and passengers talked and mixed like one happy family. Fellow travellers pointed out the more important sights, told us things about themselves, inquired about our own plans, and promptly proffered advice and help. This was my first experience of American democracy in action. I liked it.

The sun was blazing overhead when the train stopped at Buffalo. On the platform we were met by a tall, young, and handsome cleric. " I'm Bill Shannon," he said. " I am an assistant priest at St. Peter's Church, and from now on I am at your service."

He seized our suitcases, and we followed him to his car, which was to take us on the last stage to Niagara Falls. An attractive girl got out of it as we approached.

" This is my wife," said Bill. " We are keeping the first anniversary of our wedding. We are very much in love you know."

There and then he drew her to him, and gave her a hug and a kiss. " You don't mind, I hope," said Bill.

" I like to see such devotion, and I want it to last," I declared stoutly. " My wife and I were married twenty-five years ago, and we are spending our honeymoon, as all good couples ought to do, at Niagara Falls."

" You could not have chosen a better place. I can tell you, sir, that the people there are delighted you are to minister to them for three or four months. You will find them friendly, kind and hospitable. You and Mrs. Duncan will receive a royal welcome."

Big-hearted Bill Shannon spoke true words. We know now what was then hidden from our eyes : we were to enjoy the best holiday of our lives.

We went first to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Porter. They received us with old-world courtesy. Over cooling drinks, served in

a spacious lounge, looking towards the rapids and cataract of the Falls, restraints vanished almost immediately. Talk ran easily and informally.

The average American, accustomed to social customs, has the knack of making contacts quickly. He is very much come-hither, spontaneous, and natural. Shrewd in judgment, he is not easily deceived by blandishments and smooth words. He respects sincerity, honesty of purpose, and individuality.

This, and other matters of importance to a stranger-within-the gate, I learnt in quick time, and took to heart. I could not have had a better tutor than the host with whom I dined on my arrival in Niagara. He was the great grandson of Augustus Porter, the first pioneer to survey in 1795 the dense forests of the Indian aborigines. They called themselves " The Keepers of the Western Gate." They came to know and trust the adventurous white settler. He built the first house in the city. He sat as judge in the court at Buffalo. The original dwelling was demolished recently to make way for a modern mansion. A State notice reads :

> " Site of first house built by Judge Porter in 1808. Many notable visitors and friendly Indians were received within its walls."

I looked at a picture of the remarkable man who founded a town, now world-famous. The face was clear cut, strong and refined ; the brow was broad, the eyes wide open and challenging. Nose, mouth and chin denoted a person of resolution, yet understanding and humane. His name continues to be honoured in and beyond the boundaries of Niagara Falls. His descendants have maintained a tradition of unselfish service in local and national affairs.

His great grandson, Augustus Porter, was the recognized head of the family, and an outstanding and popular citizen. He had innate dignity ; he carried sound learning lightly ; his speech was soft ; humour showed itself in the twinkle of his eyes, and a not-infrequent chuckle. The fairies had added the gift of an infinite tact that enabled Augustus Porter to put others on his own level without a hint of patronage or superiority. His own nephew said to me, " My uncle is a Harvard man. Many Harvard men never get over it. Some master it after they get into their proper job in life. But dear Augustus never got it badly and lost it quickly."

Mr. Porter was churchwarden at St. Peter's, and so it was from him and his charming wife that I gained my first impressions of parish and people.

After dinner, however, several men and women came into the house to welcome my wife and me. There was an atmosphere of conviviality. In our talk we touched on divers subjects. They wanted to know about us and our way of life ; we were thirsty for information about them and their general outlook. There were more occasions for mirth than solemnity. And nearly every visitor said something like this on parting : " I am glad you are to make your home in Niagara for some months. If I can do anything to make your stay agreeable and happy, do please let me know. I shall regard it as an honour if you will come to dinner. And, by the way, if you need an automobile at any time telephone to me. I will fix it all right."

When Mr. Porter decided to take us to St. Peter's Rectory, which was opposite his own house and also that of Franchot Tone, the film actor and a native of Niagara, a clock was striking the bewitching hour of midnight.

The rectory, we discovered, is made mainly of wood. The largest of a dozen rooms is a lounge, with a television set at one end, a radiogram at the other end, and a piano in the middle. There are three bathrooms, cellars, central heating, and a kitchen that makes cooking a pleasure and domestic duties a delight.

Augustus Porter advised us to go to bed at once. " You both must be tired after so long and exciting a day," he said. " If you have any difficult problems telephone to me at once. I am a light sleeper. Come to us for breakfast in the morning. Later, you can purchase all the provisions you need at one of our local stores."

As soon as our heads rested on soft pillows peaceful sleep brought oblivion. Not even the thunder of waters of the nearby Falls could penetrate to consciousness.

We were as fresh as new paint when, fortified by breakfast, we set out on our shopping expedition. I confess, without apology, that this was the first occasion in twenty-five years of married life that I had joined my wife to buy food for the household.

It was a thrilling adventure.

We entered one of Niagara's largest stores. We looked round, and could hardly credit the evidence of our own eyes. There seemed to be everything for which the stomach of mortal man could crave. What richness ! What quantities ! What variety ! What mouth-watering dainties !

A girl brought us a baby carriage and said, " Take this with you, and walk round the shop at your leisure and put into it anything

you fancy. Your accent tells me you are from England. Well, I may remind you that you do not require ration cards nor coupons. Happy hunting."

At the end of a successful quest, a young man inspected the assortment of goods, manipulated a calculating machine, and then told us how many dollars and cents we had to pay to make all these gifts of the gods absolutely ours.

Before we could make a triumphant exit, a woman at one of the counters greeted us pleasantly. She looked at me, and said, " Am I right in thinking you are the English clergyman who is changing parishes with Mr. Blake Hammond ? "

" I am," I answered. " Are you a member of St. Peter's Church ? "

" No. I am a Roman Catholic. But one of my friends is an Episcopalian, and she is keen to meet you." She laughed merrily. " I'm just tickled to death to talk to you before she can do so. Wait till I see her ! "

She shook hands warmly. " I want you to know," she said, " that the people here, whether Episcopalians or not, feel honoured to have you with us in Niagara. We hope you will have a swell time, and will enjoy your visit."

She helped us to collect our numerous parcels, which we bore back at once to the rectory. We filled larders, cupboards, and refrigerator. In a voice of proud achievement, my wife exclaimed, " We have never been so well supplied in the whole of our married life. It is incredible. It is fantastic and unreal. And no ration cards and no coupons and no restrictions ! "

" It's true enough," I replied. I showed her my pocket wallet. It was almost denuded of dollars.

My wife continued to smile. " While you still have a little money left, I advise you to go straight out again and get your hair cut. Appearance counts, and first impressions are important. We are sure to have visitors this afternoon, and I rather suspect that Americans regard long hair with suspicion."

The barber—the term hairdresser is not used much in New York State—put me in a chair and leisurely proceeded to remove my scanty locks. Time apparently was altogether unimportant. We talked of many things and there was a frank exchange of views on current world problems.

As he brushed my coat, he observed casually, " I reckon the hair cut will cost you one dollar. There is no obligation to add a gratuity although it is always welcomed and appreciated."

I gave the good honest fellow the equivalent of 8*s.* in English money. My hairdresser at home never charges me more than 1*s.* 6*d.*

I heard a few days later that Blake Hammond had paid a similar sum for a week's meat ration in Easington Village.

"I hope you do not think the charge is excessive," the butcher said. "The price went up 2*d.* a pound last month."

The Dean from Niagara put down the money promptly. "I liked your English beef," he declared, "although I must confess the quantity was small for seven of us. But I want to tell you that the same amount of meat in the States would have cost me exactly three times as much."

On my return to the rectory, I told my wife that I had paid 8*s.* to the barber for removing surplus hair from my head. "In terms of quantity," I said, "the charge seemed to be somewhat exorbitant. But measured by the time it took to do the work, I thought I got off lightly."

My wife looked at me critically. I stood up manfully to the scrutiny. Then she said, "When I see the improvement the man has made in your personal appearance, I think you should have given him a much more handsome tip. We can now face our parishioners with almost complete confidence."

Chapter V

FRIENDS OLD AND NEW

You're my friend——
What a thing friendship is, world without end !
Browning.

Long before lunch on our first full day in Niagara the telephone bell rang. It sounded almost incessantly until, after a brief twilight, darkness fell on man and beast.

Fred Brown was the first to call us. " I just want to welcome you to our city," he said. " Hilda and I will be along later. Members of our Church of the Redeemer are giving an old-fashioned minstrel show to-morrow night, and they want you both to see it. . . I'll come for you with the car. . . It's grand to know you are now taking over at St. Peter's. . . I'll be seeing you."

I put down the receiver, but took it up again immediately. A voice came through. It was full power, high-pitched Canadian. " Guess you know who I am," said a man at the other end. I could hear a prolonged whistle when I confessed I was baffled. Then he laughed heartily. He exclaimed, " Of course, I ought to remember that it is twenty years ago since you signed my papers to enable me to emigrate. I am Leonard Dawson, formerly of Dawdon, County Durham. You gave me communion in the parish church on the Sunday before I left home."

I listened to the rest of the story. Len had married a Canadian girl, was the proud owner of house and car, and held an official position in a large factory in Welland, Ontario. His brother Joe and his wife—at whose marriage in England I had officiated—were living next door, and they, too, were eating the cake of prosperity.

" This is all very exciting," I said. " It is splendid of you to ring us up so quickly. However in the world did you know we had arrived ? "

" I popped over to see Dean Hammond before he sailed for Southampton, and he kept me informed about your movements. Empire Day is a general holiday in Canada, and we want you to spend it with us. I'll run the car over the river for you. Say, it will

be fine to see you again, and talk about old friends and places."

Leonard rang off. There was a knock at the door. Outside stood a man and a woman. I invited them into the lounge. " I'm George Mather, of Niagara Falls, Ontario," said the male of the species. " This is my wife. We both are natives of Easington, and we were married in the old church by your predecessor, the Rev. G. Algernon West, more than a score of years ago. We heard of the exchange of livings, and felt we must call to introduce ourselves."

Talk continued briskly for some time. George looked out of the window. " There's another caller for you," he said. " I expect you will have a number of them to-day. The Americans are friendly folk, and they will offer you more hospitality than you can accept. You will like them."

When I thanked him for calling, he smiled. " As a matter of fact," he remarked, " I wanted to be in first. I bear an invitation from the officers of my Masonic Lodge for our next meeting. Make a note of the date please. A car will come for you at six o'clock, and we shall return you safely some time after midnight."

As my Canadian visitors went out, a young and sprightly female passed into the house. " I'm from the *Gazette* newspaper," she explained. " I know I'm a bit quick on the spot, but one has got to be in these days of high-speed journalism. I do hope you will give me some of your early impressions, and tell me what you wish to do and see on this side of the Atlantic."

I have always had a soft place in my heart for members of the Press ; I owe much to them. And so I told her the sort of thing I thought might be useful to her in filling her space.

She was a pleasant girl, not long from High School graduation, and she reciprocated by talking about herself, and imparting to my wife things dear to the feminine mind. As she closed her notebook, she said, " Ring me up at the office if I or my colleagues can be of service to you. It will be a pleasure to help. We all want you to be happy while you are with us in Niagara."

She made a good job of that interview. But she was the first to admit that the accompanying picture of my wife and me was not exactly flattering. Press photographs seldom are.

I suggested we might have a little lunch, thinking longingly of the provisions we had purchased. My spouse agreed. She set the table, but got no further. In the next sixty minutes I responded to a dozen telephone calls. They were from members of St. Peter's Church. All these good people breathed greetings through the wires, and

expressed the hope that we might be able to take dinner with them as soon as we had settled down.

Then a clergyman and his wife called. They were Dr. and Mrs. Mosher. By way of self-preservation, we at once offered them tea. They declined, saying how thankful they were that they had not fallen victims to the habit of " taking the cups that cheer but not inebriate."

The Rev. Canon Philip W. Mosher, D.D., was Rector of St. Peter's from 1897 to 1932, when he retired at the age of seventy. He still helps at the Sunday services and at weddings and at funerals. He relies upon a remarkable memory, as his sight is almost gone. He has a well-stored mind, a fund of good stories, and continues to be active in social and public work. One of the best-known figures in Niagara, he has carved his name upon its historical scroll.

As he shook hands on leaving, he said, " I'm afraid my legs would not now be of much use at baseball, and my eyes bother me a bit. But I have a sound automobile, which my wife drives. Let me tell you that it is at your service during your stay in Niagara. Put down our telephone number, and do not hesitate to call us. If my wife is not free, then my daughter will drive you round. She will be careful to see that you do not return to England in pieces."

" Any prospect of tea ? " my wife asked.

Another knock at the door answered her question.

Our new visitor was Dr. Albert E. Connolly, churchwarden at St. Peter's Church. Later, we had reason to believe that we had entertained an angel unawares. During the whole time we were in Niagara, the doctor and his wife were our admirable friends and counsellors. It is not possible to assess their kindness in cold print.

I soon discerned that a main interest of the churchwarden was his religion and his church. It was easy to note that he was what Episcopalians in America call " Very Catholic."

In a good-natured way he probed my mind to learn my own theological position. I said to him, " You want to know where I stand. Let me tell you. I once had a curate, born and bred in Ireland. After leaving Trinity College, Dublin, he chose the better part and settled in England. We were good friends from the start, and I fancy he liked me as much as I liked him. At any rate, he was well aware of my foibles, and my way of looking at things ecclesiastical. One day a parson said to him, ' What sort of churchman is your rector ? ' He replied, ' Take a large dose of evangelism, mix it with some modernism, and add a fair amount of sacramentalism ;

stir the mixture vigorously, and you have got my rector in a nutshell.' He told me this himself, and so I know it is true."

The churchwarden smoked hard at his cigar.

" I'm still puzzled," he said. " I like a clear-cut statement and a proper definition."

" A famous British author," I answered, " declared that compromise is the first law of life for an Englishman."

" Well, never mind that. I reckon I just want you to know that we welcome you to St. Peter's, and are proud to have you as our parish priest. You can count upon me to make your stay happy and profitable for us all."

His word was his bond. And he never questioned my theology.

After he had gone there were more telephone calls and more visitors. At nine o'clock we sat down to eat our dinner, and to take our ease. As we drank our coffee, I said, " It's been an exacting day, but great fun. I have enjoyed every hour of it."

" So have I," my wife replied. " These Americans are the kindest of people. But they have one fault."

" And what is their fault ? " I inquired.

" They do not take afternoon tea. I really must convert them before we go back to England."

As we were making for bed the telephone bell rang for the last time.

" It's Fred Brown speaking," said the now-familiar voice. " I'm sorry Hilda and I could not make it to-day. But we shall see you to-morrow night. I guess you will like the minstrel show."

Immediately after breakfast next morning, I kept a middle-of-the-night resolution to see St. Peter's Church before a telephone bell could sound in my ear or an early caller detain me. It was just " round the corner " and so I was soon there.

St. Peter's stands in a pleasant residential neighbourhood, drawing its congregation from all parts of Niagara Falls. There is a printed list of 1,650 members, mostly of the professional and commercial classes.

There are only two Sunday services : Holy Communion is at 8 a.m. and Mattins (or sung Eucharist) follows at eleven o'clock. The average attendance is 425. After morning worship, men and women and children spend the day in car outings, picnics, entertainment, and visiting friends. If they want Evensong they cross over into Canada, although even there the tendency is to close the parish church at midday.

The Church of St. Peter has a stateliness and dignity of its own, while making no claim to architectural distinction. The sanctuary, with its altar, cross, candles, flowers and curtains, is attractive. At the west end is a war memorial. An inscription reads :

" The carillonic bells are dedicated to the Glory of God and to the sacred memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice, and in honour of those who served in World War II."

On a tablet appear the names of the fallen, and also of those who happily survived the ordeal of battle.

Close by is a list of the Rectors of St. Peter's Church, which in 1947 kept its centenary. Its history, however, goes back to 1823, when the Rev. J. Hopkins took services, following the rites of the Prayer Book.

The present rector, the Very Rev. Blake B. Hammond, is the fourteenth rector. He was inducted in 1943. I am glad to record that my own name has been added to the scroll. This personal honour was approved by Bishop Scaife at the request of the church-wardens, vestrymen, and congregation of St. Peter's.

Adjoining the church is a large and well-constructed hall. It is a centre of religious and social activities. Alive with organizations, I found members keen, alert, enterprising, ready to welcome their pastor, but unwilling to burden him with extra tasks. Would that all were such !

There is also an office where the rector does a large part of his work. He is assisted by an able secretary and a competent full-time verger.

The secretary greeted me warmly when I took my first look at St. Peter's Church and hall. From then onwards she begrudged neither time nor service. She made light of difficulties ; she had a solution to all my problems. She turned my duties into pleasures, and touched every new experience with magic.

" My name is Marjorie Thompson," she told me. In the talk that followed, I found that, although born in America, she was of sound British stock—and " mighty proud " of it too. She claimed kinship with G. K. Chesterton ; the late Bishop Kempthorne was a cousin. Thereupon, I mentioned that I once met the great G. K. C. in the flesh, and knew well the popular Bishop of Lichfield.

Kempthorne was ordained by that illustrious scholar and prelate, Dr. Lightfoot, after preliminary training at Auckland Castle as one of the " Lambs "—men from Oxford and Cambridge who sought the guidance and inspiration of a great leader. Most of them

achieved high ecclesiastical rank. For a time Kempthorne was Vicar of St. Thomas's Church, Sunderland. One of his successors there was the Rev. G. Algernon West (father of the present Bishop of Rangoon) whom I followed to Easington in the year 1943.

I was able to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of Marjorie Thompson about her family history in England. At the end of it, she exclaimed, with marked excitement, "I really must write at once to Mrs. Kempthorne. We have kept in touch. She will be glad to learn you are here as the first exchange Anglican minister in the Diocese of Western New York, and that you knew her husband and also some of her own people."

After so pleasant an introduction, she became the secretary and proceeded to practical business. I acquired information at a rapid pace. She primed me for the Sunday services. These, I found, were carefully planned ; little was left to chance. Every Wednesday morning the rector supplies what is described as his "sermon topic." Once the subject is fixed it may be changed only by exceptional circumstance. It is inserted in the printed service forms distributed to the congregation. Here, too, are set out the hymns, canticles, psalms, anthem, and lessons. Items from the Prayer Book are indicated by the number of the page. There is also space for forthcoming events or a special message from the incumbent.

The hymns and music, Miss Thompson informed me, were carefully chosen by Mrs. Belle Young Smith, the choirmistress, and Mrs. Mary Carolyn Neff, the organist. They were recognized experts, worthy of adequate remuneration. The large choir of men, women and boys regarded membership as a privilege and cheerfully met their corresponding responsibility.

When I left the office for the rectory I was a wiser man, confident also of a happiness my pastoral work has always brought to me.

The memory of my first Sunday services will not easily be effaced. I celebrated according to the liturgy of the Episcopal Church, and I liked it. Communion, however, at St. Peter's Church, is by intinction, and this was new to me for public worship. Two servers assisted at the altar, robing the priest in appropriate vestments. The thirty communicants included negroes and Red Indians.

At eleven o'clock the church was crowded, extra seats being provided. I took the whole of the service except for the prayers said by Dr. Mosher after the Third Collect.

Led by the admirable choir, the congregation sang heartily, and responded fervently. It surprised me to learn that in the Episcopal

Church in America the canticles are always sung while the psalms are invariably said, priest and people voicing verses alternately.

As I preached my first sermon I was aware that I was under close observation. And, on my part, I was noting the reactions of my listeners. During my pastorate, I learnt that the congregation believed that the finest oratory is the presentation of truth through personality. They applied the tests of sincerity and fidelity to Christian principles. They liked exposition of dogma to be fitted into the fabric of daily life. They welcomed humour, but not levity, and, if their emotions were touched, expressed their feelings with a laugh or a tear. When they liked a sermon they were not slow to say so ; if they didn't, they looked at the preacher sadly, and talked about—the weather.

My first sermon over, I sat down with the rest of the congregation while the choir stood to sing an anthem, and vestrymen went round with collection plates.

The whole service was an inspiration. There was the right atmosphere, even though there was understandable curiosity about the English rector, his accent, and his manner of conducting public worship.

As the people left the church I stood at the west door. I caught sight of George Mather, Leonard Dawson, and Fred Brown—all from my own County of Durham. New acquaintances pressed to shake hands and to welcome me to church and city. This was no mere formality. It needed little perspicacity to know that such friendly greeting sprang from genuine desire to make a stranger feel at home.

My first impressions were confirmed later at an afternoon public welcome in the church hall. For more than two hours I stood in the " receiving line " and never noticed the speed of time. It was great fun. Something like 500 persons shook hands, talked briefly and lightly, and passed on to an adjacent room for refreshments.

Then a good fairy took me gently by the arm. " You must be tired by now," she said. " Do not say you are not, because we don't permit even a polite social fib on a Sunday in Niagara." She led me to a table groaning with delicious cakes and ices and sweets and coffee. Other fairies pressed them on my wife and me, while more of their goodly company took pictures of us in the very act.

When my spouse and I got up to go, we were again surrounded by kind-hearted people, who poured out invitations to visit them in their homes and receive hospitality.

We accepted one offer immediately. Within an hour of the reception we returned to the hall as guests of the church youth club. It was an occasion pleasantly to be recalled. The 20-year-old president opened with carefully spoken prayers. Then he quickly enumerated the items on an agenda, handed to him by the secretary.

" I note," he said, " that we are asked to debate and pass resolutions on some subjects, marked as urgent and important. I suggest this is no night for discussion, and that we accordingly leave them for another time, and take refreshment together."

There was unanimous agreement.

The meal lacked little in the way of variety. American youth knows how to look after itself, and without benefit of adults. Games and dancing followed, with interludes for cooling drinks, potato crisps and ices. Boys handed round the dishes ; girls washed them. They all cheered my wife and me as we prepared to leave. The president escorted us to the door, and then turned to me, saying, " Do you like being a clergyman ? "

" Of course I do," I replied. " It's a vocation, and the finest in the world. I would not change places with a Texas millionaire."

" Gee ! I thought somehow that you would say something like that." He lowered his voice. " I would like you to remember me in your prayers now and again. I want to be ordained, but there's not much money at home. I'm working extra hard to get dollars for my college fees, and I believe it will work out all right in the end. Thank you, sir, for coming round to our youth club, and for what you said to us—and now I must run back for another dance and an ice."

It was midnight when we got into bed.

" What a wonderful day we have had," said my wife.

" I shall never, never forget it," I murmured.

There was silence for a time. Then came a gentle whisper, " Sleeping ? "

" No."

" I have decided not to teach Americans to take afternoon tea."

" And just why ? "

" Because they make such excellent coffee. It would be a pity to risk vitiation of their taste."

In happy agreement, we closed our eyes in sleep, and on a golden, perfect day.

Chapter VI

THE GREGARIOUS AMERICAN

Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span,
Laugh, and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.
JOHN MASEFIELD.

YOUR good American is a social animal. He is gregarious. From youth upwards he joins groups according to his fancy, and mixes happily with his fellows. Males and females are alike in this.

A bright young thing said to me, " I am a member of ten societies, and every one of them has an appeal of its own. But I am now the proud mother of two children, and they are demanding increasing attention. I feel I ought to give up some of the activities which take me from home."

She sighed heavily. " I don't know what to do. In the end I guess I shall apply for membership into The Perplexed Mothers' Union."

Niagara is teeming with organizations of all descriptions. I accepted invitations to many of them, and thereby found hospitality, entertainment, edification, social wisdom and fellowship.

Dr. Mosher insisted, after my first exciting Sunday, that I needed relaxation. So he took me to the local Rotary Club which meets every Monday for lunch and oratory at the luxurious Niagara Hotel. The company was excellent. It was made up largely of prominent men in the city, representative of divers professions and callings. A neighbour at my table was a retired judge. He strained credulity when he casually observed that he was eighty years old. His step was firm, sight and hearing were good, he was eloquent of speech, and his knowledge was encyclopædic.

I said to him with affected innocence, " The only information I possess of American law and justice has been gathered from Hollywood films. Am I right in thinking this is authentic ? "

He fixed his eyes upon me in a manner that made me glad I was not on trial before him, and said, " There is drama enough at times in our courts, and moments of gripping sensation. But most cases are humdrum, quietly conducted, and without undue formality. Our legal code is based on the British Constitution, modified to suit

conditions prevailing in our different States. For myself, I take as my models the best English judges, the finest in the world to my thinking. *Fiat justicia, ruat coelum.* Perhaps you will translate that for the benefit of laymen at this table."

" Let justice be done though the heavens should fall," I said quickly. " How's that ? "

" You are dismissed with a caution," he responded in his best court voice.

One of the speakers was a Roman Catholic priest. A regular member, he was a general favourite, and his fellow Rotarians called him Father Bill. He gave a racy and informative talk on his pilgrimage to Rome during Holy Year. " The Pope," he said, " asked me my name. I was so nervous that I could not speak. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. At last I was able to blurt out my name, and to add that I came from Niagara City, New York."

Father Bill paused. He brushed back thick black hair with his hand, and then went on, " Well, there is one thing that I can say. Of all the people who saw the Pope I was the only one who kept him waiting ! "

Before I left the meeting I was told to count myself a guest of honour during my sojourn in Niagara, and that a member, whose name must remain a secret, had pledged sufficient dollars to cover cost of meals.

A day came when it was my privilege to give the luncheon talk. I took as my subject " Personality and Charm." They were indulgent listeners. They crowned a vote of thanks by standing before a flag of the Stars and Stripes and a Union Jack, and singing first their own National Anthem and then that of Great Britain. After such a pretty gesture I felt I could, with due loyalty, join in the still-popular national song, " America." The first verse runs :

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom sing.

As the words are sung to the tune of " God Save the King " I was easy in conscience.

Two months later, when my words were only a faint memory, the secretary put an envelope in my hand, asking me not to open it

until I got back to the rectory. Later, I found inside the cover a cheque for 50 dollars, made payable to me. Thinking there was a mistake, I rang up the treasurer ; I told him what had happened.

" There is no error," he said emphatically. " It is your lecture fee."

" It cannot be," I retorted with equal vigour," for my talk is now ancient history. Besides, in dear old England I do not expect, and I seldom receive, either expenses or payment from a Rotary Club or similar organization. Furthermore, any small service I have been privileged to render is nothing at all compared with the hospitality you have lavished upon me."

He just laughed at me. " Brother," he ejaculated, " we asked you to talk to us, and you did it to our satisfaction. Out here you are earning your keep. Cash the cheque, spend the money, and forget, as we shall, that you ever had it."

At the then prevailing rate of exchange the 50 dollars were worth £17 10*s*. in Bank of England currency. This was the highest remuneration I have ever received for personal service of thirty minutes' duration.

The Rotarians were as full of fun as they were generous. They frequently indulged in the ancient sport known as leg-pulling. As I was a guileless parson from afar, they naturally looked upon me as legitimate game. It is a pastime at which two may play and I liked it, and enjoyed it.

While I was quietly eating my lunch one day, a nice fellow said to me, " I have been watching you, and listening to all those delightful things you are saying about America and Americans. But what I want to know is whether you believe them to be true. You English are past masters in diplomacy, and in tact, and in putting things over in soft-as-butter words. Is your tongue in your cheek or do you really mean what you say ? "

Out of the corner of my eye I could see his fellow Rotarians sit up expectantly.

" As a matter of fact," I said, " I find it easier to tell the truth than to tell a lie."

He jumped at once, like a hungry dog at a bone. " I agree with you there," he cried. " A liar needs a long memory. Otherwise he gets into a maze of contradictions. With truth on your tongue you can hardly go wrong, but prevarication messes you up like pitch."

He put down his knife and fork. " Listen to me," he demanded, " and I will give you the low-down on the Gentle Art of Lying."

His discourse was instructive and illuminating. It did not cease until I was drinking my coffee, while he had only used his knife to rap the table to give emphasis to a point. At the end of it, he turned to me, and asked sharply, " Now don't you think I am right—absolutely right ? "

It was time, I felt, to make use of an expressive idiom which I had come to like. And so I said with a prolonged drawl, " Brother, I just wouldn't know."

He was a genial man, unlikely to put into practice the doctrine he had so ably preached. He had a forgiving nature, too. He put out a friendly hand, and murmured, " I guess I asked for it. And I've had it. You have won."

A few days later I gave a talk at the Kiwanis Club. It is an offshoot of Rotary, following a similar procedure. Dean Hammond is chaplain, and was, I think, behind the invitation and the second (and last) 50-dollar lecture fee that I received. I was again in the company of good fellows. I noticed, however, that the president kindly but firmly extracted dollars from members who broke a rule or gained some signal honour. The money collected in his widely-cast net went to some worth-while cause.

A popular member called George was fined a dollar for a peccadillo. He protested in vain. A battle of words ensued. In his excitement the erring brother left his seat, and advanced to the president, next to whom I was sitting.

I followed the argument with interest, sharing also the amusement of the onlookers.

Suddenly the president demanded silence. " We are getting nowhere, and so with the consent of George, I will ask our speaker to decide whether the dollar ought to be paid or not. He has heard all the talk."

George nodded acquiescence. I looked at him, and pronounced judgment. I said, " The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

There was laughter loud and long. George paid up like a man even though he cast a reproachful glance at me. In the next issue of their journal, the editor wrote, " The Rev. James Duncan, an English clergyman who has made a temporary exchange of parishes with our chaplain, Blake Hammond, was our speaker last week. It was a real surprise to find an overseas minister with humour in his make-up. And, O Boys, he put comrade George fairly on the spot ! "

I have touched upon the lighter side of happenings in social

groups. But the members are animated by serious purpose. They are intent on service to their less fortunate fellows in the race of life, and seek to express their idealism in practical fashion. They are in agreement with the dictum of Charles Dickens, " When things are solemn, treat 'em solemn, and when things are comic, treat 'em comic."

Secular bodies, like Rotarians and others, opened with prayer as easily and as naturally as they sat down to eat. A chaplain was taken for granted, and his distinctive function was recognized.

There was, for instance, a men's group called " The Lions." They, too, enjoyed together a weekly lunch and topical talk. At their request I spoke on a subject chosen by themselves. It was : " What an English Visitor thinks of Americans." They declared I had let them down lightly.

Now these Lions accepted responsibility for taking care of the blind people in Niagara. It was voluntary service, given in full measure. My wife and I were invited to join in a trip for the sightless. We travelled by bus to Rochester, made famous by Mr. Eastman, who founded the Kodak works there. They told me that this benevolent and eminent genius took his own life, leaving behind a note, which read : " My work is done. Why wait ? "

He used his great wealth to endow hospitals, and to provide the city of his adoption with several beautiful parks. The gardeners make a feature of lilacs, and set aside a week for visitors to view them.

It was good to watch the reactions of the blind members of our party. The flowers gave them infinite delight. They asked only to be told of the various colours. Then their quickened sense of touch and imagination did the rest. They seemed to " see " the lilacs as clearly as those with perfect vision.

On the journey back they were in joyous mood, singing songs, and recalling the exciting events of the day. We stopped for dinner at a first-class hotel. One of my blind neighbours at the table said, " The Lions are great fellows. I hope you like them."

" Of course I do," I replied. " And there is another thing : I have often paid sixpence at a circus to see the lions feed, but this is the first time Lions have paid to see me feed ! "

A big-made man, with a glimmer of sight, laughed. Then he posed the question, " What else has struck you on the trip ? "

I told him of the visit of British bishops to America on the occasion of the fourth centenary of the 1549 Anglican Prayer Book.

" When these dignitaries returned home," I said, "I'm afraid they were puffed with pride, largely because, wherever they went, they had been preceded by policemen on motor cycles loudly sounding the sirens. I confess I envied them. But to-day you and I, and the rest of us, enjoyed similar distinction on our way through Rochester. Now I feel I can hold up my head among the most eminent of our prelates."

The big-made man laughed a second time.

" If I were you, sir," he said, " I would keep it a dark secret. When we hear the siren sound we guess the police are taking care of physical derelicts or searching for notorious criminals."

" Thank you," I gasped. " Our bishops, as I daresay you know, are men of great learning. I shall leave them to speak for themselves."

The rest of the journey home was soon accomplished although rain was falling heavily. When we emerged from the bus, motor cars were waiting to take us home. And so to bed. I was helped to peaceful slumber by thoughts of a memorable outing and a cheerful companionship.

By this time it was noised abroad in interested circles that I was an English Freemason, of Provincial rank. I had heard much of American Masonry, and I readily accepted invitations to visit their lodges. It was an intriguing experience. I understood that one lodge in Niagara had 1,000 members, while New York State was regarded as a stronghold of the Craft.

I noted differences in ritual, but the fundamental principles were the same as in England. Without telling tales out of school, I may disclose that my brother Masons were expert in their work, and warm in hospitality and fraternity.

I conducted a service for them in St. Peter's Church. With the usual Sunday morning congregation also present there was hardly standing space. I reminded my listeners that we were making Masonic history. For I was the first English priest to hold a licence in the diocese on exchange, and thus to officiate at a Masonic service with brethren in attendance from the British Empire as well as from the United States. By happy chance, a Freemason friend of mine from the village next to Easington was sitting near me. He was on a short visit to Canada, and was staying with George Mather, already mentioned in my narrative.

I appealed to Freemasons to make manifest their distinctive attribute of charity. A record collection followed. The equivalent sum in English money was about £175.

Outside the lodges, members of the Craft competed to give me what they called " a swell time." They placed me under heavy debt. I stretch out my hand to them across the sea. They demonstrated Freemasonry at its highest and best.

The Eastern Star, claimed to be a Masonic Order for women, flourishes in the States. It is banned by the Grand Lodge of England. I was given pressing invitations to attend lodges in Niagara. In accepting I salved conscience by asserting that, in a strange country, courtesy demands courtesy.

My impressions were strong and favourable. As the Eastern Star enforces secrecy, I will only whisper that the officers were graceful and competent in their ceremonies and were backed by enthusiastic members. And once more I observed that idealism was linked to service that included those who stood outside the organization.

Indeed, Freemasons in America raise huge sums of money in their efforts to assist all who are in need. For this purpose Harold Lloyd, the film star, visited Niagara to stir the Brethren to further good works. I could not be present, but I heard that the meeting was successful ; generous contributions were made to the thousands of dollars raised that year.

Sons and daughters of Freemasons also run lodges of their own, broadly based on Craft rites and ceremonies. They discharge their obligations with becoming dignity, and wait until formalities are ended before finding an outlet for their high spirits.

I was the chief speaker at a Diocesan Men's Fellowship dinner at Buffalo. Clergymen and laymen were assembled in large numbers. An archdeacon, the Venerable Samuel Baxter, greeted me in person. Bishop Scaife looked in to say a friendly word. He received a great ovation, spontaneous tribute to his popularity.

Bishop Scaife has a remarkable memory. It enables him to recall persons at a glance. He seldom fails to get a name right. He moves among his people as one of them. There is no stiffness, no pomp of office, no reserve—and no loss of dignity. Yet he makes demands, insisting that religious privileges should be met by personal discipline and fulfilment of duty. The affection he inspires is shown by the response he gets to his appeals.

When he had left the gathering, I said to a neighbour, " Just as Blake Hammond and I have exchanged parishes so I think British and American bishops ought to exchange dioceses and duties for a few months. What is your opinion ? "

This prominent layman looked at me with a cold eye. He assumed

the attitude of the Sphinx. I tried again. I had to explain point after point.

" Have you got hold of the idea ? " I asked at last.

" I have," he replied, " and, frankly, I do not like it at all."

Then he softened a bit. " Well, there may be something in it," he conceded. He smiled before adding, " If ever it does come to pass, sir, that our bishops and your bishops exchange places for a time, then I tell you now that the people in England will get the best of the bargain ! "

Soon after this conversation I sat between two bishops. I asked them what they thought of the suggestion. The younger said, " I like it, and welcome it. It would help to strengthen the Anglican Communion as a whole, teaching people more about our two branches of it. It would have to be well done. An exchange of less than six months would be hardly worth while. Yes, I am for it, absolutely."

The elder prelate drummed his fingers on the table. After some thought, he said, " I, myself, would not have the temerity to tackle an exchange on the lines you mention. Perhaps it is a wrong kind of diffidence, but there it is. I am deeply conscious that your bishops are nearly always men of scholarship, natural church leaders, and well able to maintain the glorious tradition of which they are rightly proud."

I put my questions to evoke reactions rather than to evolve a plan of campaign. For I am aware, of course, that an exchange of bishops is probably blocked by ecclesiastical and state and legal considerations. But it ought not to be beyond man's devising to find a way whereby American bishops could make a prolonged stay in this country while their brother prelates of the Church of England settled in the United States for a like period.

Perhaps the small fire already kindled may burst into leaping flame by the formation of yet another group in the land of groups—A Group Of Bishops To Bring Bishops Together In Britain And America.

Chapter VII

DOWN IN OLD VIRGINIA

Sweet when the morn is grey,
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch ; and at close of day,
Possibly sweetest.
C. S. Calverley. *Ode to Tobacco.*

"You must go to Virginia to see Williamsburg and Jamestown," said an American friend. "It is a real show place, packed with interest as the first Crown colony, and now being restored to its eighteenth-century aspect."

He handed me a cigarette. "I do not need to remind you that Sir Walter Raleigh called the land Virginia after Queen Elizabeth, and took home potato and tobacco plants. I understand that the fragrant weed conquered an England impervious to attack from any other quarter, in those spacious days when your seamen sailed the far seas, and your gallant adventurers shared rich prizes among them."

He did not even hint at the Revolutionary War. But of that I was soon to learn and hear much.

I knew he was right. Above all else I wanted to visit Williamsburg and Jamestown. My immediate difficulty was a shortage of time, dollars and transport.

As my mind was working on the problem, the telephone bell rang. A young woman was at the other end. She obviously was agitated. She explained that she was secretary of a Presbyterian missionary group, and had just heard that the speaker, engaged for the next meeting, could not attend.

"Do, please, come in his place," she urged. "This isn't a second-hand compliment. We do want you, and we shall be grateful if you will save the situation."

Her voice was so pleading that I capitulated at once.

The group meeting was held in a cosy and attractive room in the house of a member. A score of young women were present. Seated in an easy chair, I touched on matters of mutual interest. I confessed

I was intrigued by the soft, seductive drawl of the Southern voice.

There was a roar of laughter.

" Your left-hand neighbour," said the president, " comes from Virginia. She will love you always for that."

I looked at her. She was smiling happily. When my talk ended, she brought me freshly-made coffee and delicious cakes. I told her of my wishful thinking. She clapped her hands.

" I am sure I can fix it for you," she said. " My husband is having his annual vacation soon, and he and I and our small boy are going to Norfolk, where my home is. If you and Mrs. Duncan do not mind some discomfort you could come with us in our automobile, and then make your own way back by bus from Williamsburg."

It happened as simply as that, and as incredibly.

A few days later we set off on the journey to Norfolk, a large naval base in Virginia. Mr. Dooley, our benefactor and driver, was as charming as his wife. He whispered to me that it was in Norfolk he courted his bride. " I was an officer in the navy," he said, " and I fell for her at once. A sailor man has a sharp eye for the right sort of craft. My wife has a twin sister, who is just as cute. She's not married yet, but will be before the summer is over."

Our long trip took us through pleasant country. Tree-lined roads brought a landscape of changing contours and colours. We passed over bridges of great length, miracles of construction, and we caught sight of swirling waters below.

When darkness fell we stopped the car at a tourist house. A cheerful hostess offered us rooms, saying, " The accommodation is really comfortable, and you may be sure I will not overcharge you." She brought us cooling drinks, introduced us to other guests, and joined in the general conversation. On the surface she did not seem to have a care in the world. Later, I learnt that she was on the point of leaving home for hospital, there to undergo a major operation. I was asked not to mention this to her. I remained silent, but I knew the blood of the old cavaliers of Virginia was in her veins.

The next morning was Sunday, and, without breakfast, we moved away at the dawn of day. As there was not much traffic on the road, we made rapid progress. But we were glad to stop, at the end of four hours, to have a meal at the first open restaurant we saw. Church bells were calling worshippers to prayer and praise. It was a reminder that for the first time for some years—apart from occasions of sickness—I would be absent from church on a Sunday. Necessity, however, not inclination, drove us on again.

In the late afternoon, we arrived at Mrs. Dooley's home in Norfolk. Her mother was the first to rush out. And then came the twin sister. It was a rapturous reunion. I have seldom witnessed a scene of such complete, domestic bliss. My wife and I, after initial greetings, carefully kept in the background. The small boy stole a lot of the thunder, and when he insisted on showing his grandmother his latest toys, I noticed that the twin sisters clasped each other again, renewed their kisses, and began a succession of confidences that brought delight to both.

The former gallant naval officer lit a cigarette, and then occupied himself with the luggage. It was quite clear that he knew he belonged to the Silent Service, and that there are times when discretion is the better part of valour.

After a night at Norfolk, we travelled comfortably by bus to Williamsburg. What a contrast to the busy, crowded maritime town !

We stepped into a quiet, peaceful, leisurely village. It was England in the heart of Virginia of the pre-Revolutionary period. I rubbed my eyes and wondered, and then heard a story full of interest.

The Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin became Rector of Bruton Church in 1905. He restored the edifice to its original condition of 1751. This set him thinking about the town itself. Why should it not be restored and reconstructed to conform to the pattern of its founders ? It was of great historic importance as the centre of the old Virginia Colony, and its citizens inspired the movement that made America a free and independent nation.

The Rector sought the help and advice of Mr. John D. Rockefellow, Jun. The millionaire was understanding and, after deliberation, promised to finance the scheme. Work began in 1928. It was interrupted by the war ; it was restarted on the cessation of hostilities. Much has now been done, but completion will not come for some years yet.

As I walked the streets of Williamsburg in its present setting, I found it possible to turn the pages of a Living History Book. The drama of the New World was played before astonished visitors.

I saw the College of William and Mary, designed by Sir Christopher Wren himself. It is one of the finest buildings of its kind, set in exquisite gardens. King William had the good sense to grant the charter on the personal appeal of Dr. James Blair, Rector of Bruton Church, a notable character, and Commissary of the Bishop of London. This was the highest ecclesiastic office in the Colony.

Among the illustrious alumni of the College were George Washington and Thomas Jefferson.

Nearby, is the Governor's Palace, rebuilt, furnished, and decorated in the style of two centuries ago. Here the King's first representative lived and entertained in royal fashion. Great gentlemen and aristocratic ladies waited to do his bidding. Some were wise and some were foolish. The discerning, reading the signs of the times, ruled with a light hand, and knew that taxation and representation must go together in a country growing increasingly prosperous in cotton and tobacco.

Others were provocative when they should have been conciliatory. In their loyalty to a monarch they failed in obligation to the place of their adoption. They should have listened to the talks that went on in the corners of the Raleigh Tavern, now restored to its old-time grandeur. While residents went to the luxurious inn for good food, wine, entertainment and society, leaders of the Revolution sat apart, making plans for battle. When the occasion came, they spoke out openly and forcibly in the Capitol itself, where assembled the Burgesses as well as the Representatives of the Upper Assembly.

I did not find it difficult to envisage those stirring days of the past when I stood in the stately building reshaped to the design of 1747. On the tables were books and documents that for two centuries have survived the ravages of time, and the hands of bandits. From a picture on a wall in the council chamber, benign Queen Anne looked down on the Royal Insignia, the Lion and the Unicorn. It was in the Capitol on 30th May, 1765, that Patrick Henry made his famous speech against the Stamp Act. His cry, " Give me liberty or give me death, " stirred the blood of those who listened, but failed to persuade a King, some three thousand miles away, to act before it was too late.

It was here, too, that able and astute Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, by his eloquence brought statesmen to action, and moved soldiers to battle, sacrifice and victory.

Inside the Capitol I perceived more clearly the issues that precipitated the Revolutionary War, and fired the Colonists to fight former friends and allies who remained staunchly loyal to England and its Sovereign.

I was told that Mr. Winston Churchill took tea in the Raleigh Tavern a year after his own inspired leadership helped to bring success to the Allied Armies. It would have been interesting to learn his reflections on the defeat of Cornwallis by Washington on the

fields of Williamsburg. The town, wearing its new garments, fashioned on those of the eighteenth century, only knew that the visit afforded mutual pleasure.

Of course, I went into Bruton Church, the oldest church in America to be continuously in use. I was present at a mid-week evensong, and sat in a quaint box pew, similar to one occupied by Virginia-born George Washington and his family. In the days of conflict and triumph the mighty leader and his followers flocked into the church to pray for guidance, and to return thanks for the spiritual help they received. The Liberty Bell, in the sacred edifice, rang out at the proclamation of Independence. A seventeenth-century font was dedicated in the church at Jamestown.

Dr. Blair, Rector of Bruton Church, was one of the founders of Williamsburg ; two hundred years later, a successor was the pioneer of its restoration to its old-time aspect. Rectors Blair and Goodwin are thus associated for all time with the civic and religious history of the city. It is worthy of note that the College of William and Mary was founded in 1693 " to the end that the Church of Virginia may be furnished with a seminary of ministers of the gospel."

Visitors, perhaps a little jaded by sightseeing, soon discover that there are modern amenities. There is, for example, an open-air theatre with accommodation for thousands of spectators. I went there one night to see " The Common Glory " by the popular playwright, Paul Green.

The play itself turns history into drama, since it unfolds, scene by scene, the struggle for independence, culminating in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and the English troops, to the Chieftain, George Washington, destined to become the first president of the United States of America.

The ground on which the performance took place was hallowed by the blood of fighting men and serves as a silent witness of the truth of the narrative.

The acoustics being excellent, the talented actors sent their voices clearly to all parts of the vast theatre. A skilful use was made of music, spectacle and stage lighting.

The real villain of the piece was Jupiter Pluvius. Rain fell heavily at times, and only ceased when the manager shouted in defiant tone, " Whatever happens, ladies and gentlemen, the show will go on to the end ! "

My wife and I returned to the Williamsburg Hotel which was, to quote the advertisement blurb, " replete with every modern com-

fort." The British bishops stayed here on their pilgrimage to Jamestown in 1949, the Bishop of London celebrating Holy Communion at the shrine of the Rev. Robert Hunt.

We were fortunate to snatch the last available bedroom when we sought admission. At dinner, we found the capacious dining room packed. My appetite was keen, sharpened by a long day in the open air. The menu offered choice of several luscious viands.

I enjoyed a meal that merits remembrance. But I was particularly struck with the serving of it. White and coloured waiters were expert and solicitous. New dishes appeared like magic and, when empty, vanished like flying saucers. At the end of the feast I was asked to state, on a printed form, my opinion of the service. Prizes were to be awarded to the most efficient waiters.

I wrote a glowing testimonial, not sparing a brave array of superlative degree adjectives. When I next met the coloured waiter, he looked at me with friendly eyes. I never found another quite so good.

After dinner, as I was sitting in the lounge, I felt I ought to smoke a right-on-the-spot Virginia cigarette. I asked my wife for a match.

" Let me help you, please," said a pleasant woman, sitting near. She produced a lighter, and then went on, " I'm American, and unashamed. Your accent betrays your origin. You must meet my husband, British-born, but now a citizen of the United States by adoption and grace."

Her spouse joined us. Talk, as is usual with chance acquaintances in the States, ran easily. I suddenly said to the man, " Oxford or Cambridge ? "

" Cambridge," he replied.

He told me he had gone overseas after graduation. He held an important position in Government offices at Washington, and was happy and contented with his lot.

" To get on in America," he said, " an Englishman must really identify himself with the customs, traditions, and common mode of life. He must be patient with prejudices, though he may not share them. He should try to assimilate and be assimilated."

" What about your English University accent ? " I asked. " Is it resented ? "

" My only son calls it phoney. My daughter, who is at one of our most cultured colleges, is suspicious of it, and my good wife tolerates it. The boy speaks with the tongues of a dozen States rolled into one. One doesn't mind that sort of thing out here. In England I should have been horrified."

His wife was a distinguished artist and a rapid worker. She showed me pictures of Williamsburg begun after breakfast and finished before dinner.

Their word painting, too, was admirable. They gave me descriptions of Washington, D.C., that made me decide to go there even though my visit necessarily must be brief. Thereupon with pen, pencil, and paper they sketched out an itinerary and notes and illustrations all complete.

We talked until nearly midnight.

"What are your plans for to-morrow?" the Cambridge man asked.

"My Mecca is Jamestown," I replied. "That will be one of the highlights of my visit to America. I want to see the place where our first English settlers landed and to pay homage at the shrine of their chaplain, Robert Hunt."

"And what after that?"

"Williamsburg again; a bus to Washington, and then another one to take us through the night back to Niagara Falls, which we must reach early on Saturday to fulfil an engagement there."

"A sort of *multum in parvo*," suggested the Cambridge man.

"The reverse, I think—a little in much."

He grinned, gave his arm to his wife, bade us good-night, and went off.

We were sorry to see them go, thinking it was good-bye.

At breakfast next morning I said to my wife, "We shall have to hustle. It will take some time to get by bus to Jamestown, and the day's programme is a long one."

She agreed. We hurried to our bedroom to dress and depart.

The telephone bell rang. An English voice came through. I recognized it as that of our new acquaintance.

"My wife and I," he said quietly, "have our car waiting for you. It is just outside the main entrance of the hotel. We are taking you to Jamestown. When we get back after lunch, we shall motor you round and about Williamsburg to make sure that you see all the important places."

He coughed significantly.

"I think my wife and I can make the modest claim that we know this part of Virginia pretty well. I'm afraid you still need further education. And so I shall try to increase your knowledge of the incidents that led up to and followed the Revolution, a subject of some interest to the British. Also, I shall endeavour to enlighten you on matters of more immediate concern."

When we met he greeted us in the casual manner of a Cambridge man with whom we had been intimate for years. He did not even mention the weather, the sure and certain refuge of the inarticulate English.

And so we passed into his car as by personal right.

We did not tell him that, after his telephone talk, we called him a Good Fairy, and his wife a Perfect Angel. He would not have believed us.

Cambridge scepticism is a thing hard to overcome.

Chapter VIII

JAMESTOWN AND PRINCESS POCAHONTAS

The one thing the English value is pluck.

Emerson.
English Traits.

Virginia was discovered in 1584, and named after Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. Four years earlier, she welcomed home Francis Drake, the first Englishman to circumnavigate the world. He stood out among the great Elizabethans, his prowess proved on land and sea. His fame is secure. So also is that of his contemporary, William Shakespeare, whose pen was mightier than the sharpest sword.

On another field, religion was waging a fierce battle, and the Reformation brought immortality to eminent ecclesiastics as heroes and saints. Out of the conflict came a reshaped Prayer Book, and the 1611 Authorized Version of the Bible—a masterpiece of literary craftsmanship, scholarship and piety.

No fine Elizabethan chivalry, however, was shown to Mary, Queen of Scots. After languishing in imprisonment for eighteen dreary years, she was beheaded in Fotheringhay Castle. Yet she triumphed in the end. For by a curious turn of fortune's wheel, her son, James VI, of Scotland, united two crowns and as James I was the first monarch to be styled King of Great Britain. He had his good points, but Sully's description of him as " the wisest fool in Christendom " was apt, and seems to hit the mark.

When James had been three years on the throne, three ships sailed from Blackwall down the Thames and into the Atlantic Ocean. These were the *Sarah Constant* (100 tons), *Goodspeed* (40 tons) and *Discovery* (20 tons). The date was 19th December, 1606. The company numbered 105 men, and included a chaplain, the Rev. Robert Hunt. He carried with him a Reformation Prayer Book, and was pledged to be loyal to it, and to the Church of England, still fighting to establish itself against the claims of the Roman Catholic Communion.

The voyage was tempestuous, and marked with hardships. But on 13th May, 1607, the three battered vessels reached haven on a

peninsula in Virginia, and the gallant adventurers rested their feet on dry land. It was the time of sunset, and the sky was ablaze with a golden glory. The whole company knelt reverently on the ground, while Robert Hunt returned thanks to God for their deliverance from the perils of the sea, and invoked a continuance of divine aid on future endeavour.

The small craft, it is worth noting, took five months to cross the Atlantic. I travelled home in the *Queen Elizabeth*, the world's largest liner. The journey was completed in five days. More recently a British aeroplane flew from London to New York in just over eight hours.

On the Third Sunday after Trinity, in the year 1607, the chaplain celebrated Holy Communion for the first time in America. He used the Anglican Prayer Book. The Collect, the Epistle and the Gospel were strikingly appropriate and prophetic.

A memorial shrine now stands near this sacred place ; it is a tribute to the Rev. Robert Hunt, whose courage, faith, and pastoral zeal put him also in the company of the immortals.

The leader of the first permanent English settlement at Jamestown —named after King James I—was Captain John Smith, a Lincolnshire man. He was soldier and adventurer, bold in battle, quick in resource, and able to command. " He was feared by the savages," wrote an American author, " more than any of the English, yet on numerous occasions his skill and alertness of mind won their admiration. His many expeditions for food brought him face to face with the Indians in their woodland haunts. He made their acquaintance at their homes on the banks of the rivers, and observed their strange rites and usages. His retentive mind stored the details for his picturesque accounts of them, which are so delightfully given in his history of Virginia."

The Indians, already in possession of the country, naturally resented the intrusion of the white settlers. They made friendly overtures, but suspicion and fear on both sides made any early pact an impossibility.

The newcomers, closely watched by the natives, cut down trees in the forests and built a fort for protection, a church for worship, and houses for comfort. Hunger was the most formidable foe. Food and other supplies were always a problem. Ranks were thinned by starvation and the onslaughts of Redskins.

The Indians of Virginia belonged to the Algonquin Nations, divided into many tribes. The men made tomahawks, arrows and

other implements of war. They fished, and hunted and fought. The hard and unpleasant work fell on their womenfolk, who erected and pulled down the wigwams, and carried them on the march. They cooked, mended, and brought up the children. It was also their mission to applaud the warriors who returned home with the spoils of battle, the scalps of the fallen and the weapons of the conquered.

Greatest of the Indians was the Chief Powhatan, tall, gaunt, tough. He had the courage of a lion, and the cunning of a fox, Although nearly seventy when the white men came to settle in his territory, there were few who dared dispute his claim to rule as King.

Captain Smith was soon to know the power of Powhatan. Faced with starvation, the gallant leader, taking his courage in both hands, set out in search of food. Misfortune dogged him, and he was captured by wandering savages. They took him before their Chief, who was, at first, propitiated by the gift of a compass. It fascinated him as Smith tried to explain what it was. Then he promised " life, liberty, land and women " to the captive if he would reveal the best point of attack on the Jamestown settlement.

The heroic captain sent a warning note to his comrades, and, at his own suggestion, the Indian messengers brought back toys and beads as gifts for his captors. The Chief marvelled that " paper could talk," and sent Smith to the mighty Powhatan. After the semblance of a trial, John Smith was bound and condemned to death. His head was forced upon a pile of stones, which had been placed on the ground in front of the King's throne. A grim warrior swung high his club to deal the fatal blow. Suddenly there was a stir in the crowd. Pocahontas, beloved daughter of the King, threw herself across Smith's body. She begged her father to spare his life. The face of the irate Chief hardened and blazed with anger.

In a letter to Queen Anne, wife of James I, Captain Smith told what then happened : " When no entreaty would prevail . . . the King's dearest daughter . . . got his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death : whereat the Emperor was contented that he should live to make hatchets, and she, bells, beads and copper."

The pipe of peace was exchanged by Powhatan and Smith, who for a month continued to live with the tribe, closely observing the conduct, customs and ceremonies of the Indians. His attachment to Pocahontas strengthened with the passing days, and their names will remain linked for all time in the annals of Jamestown.

The daughter of Powhatan had three names : Amonate, Poca-

hontas, which means " A Bright Stream Between Two Hills," and Matoax, a secret name only to be used by her own people. It means " The Little Snow Feather." It is said that she had twenty brothers, eleven sisters and eleven step-mothers.

A princess by blood, she was also one by natural right, for she had dignity, courage, wisdom beyond her years, and nobility of character. She became a regular visitor to Jamestown after the return there of John Smith. She went full-handed, making substantial contribution to the settlement's supplies. In his writings, the English commander spoke of her as the " Nonpareil of Virginia " and thus described her : " The King's most deare and well-beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose compassionate pitiful heart, of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her."

Her father befriended the white settlers and, in 1608, he was invited to Jamestown to be enthroned as King, with a crown brought from England by a Captain Newport. He refused, saying, " I am also a King, and this is my land. Your father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort, neither will I bite at such bait."

The coronation took place, therefore, in his own village, Werewecmace. Under protest, he knelt while the crown was put on his head, but was proud to rise as Powhatan the First, under James the First of Great Britian. To his " brother " Sovereign he sent his old moccasins and a deer-skin mantle.

The deer-skin mantle is now in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. It is believed to be the only relic extant of the Jamestown settlers.

Despite his proclamation of royal office, Powhatan planned a treacherous attack on Captain Smith and a party of about fifty men. They were in search of supplies in a winter, cold and severe. Princess Pocahontas again came to the rescue.

Smith wrote : " The snow we digged away and made a greate fire in the place . . . As the winde turned we turned the shade . . . Then Pocahantas, the King's dearest jewell and daughter, in that darke night came through the irksome woods and told Captain Smith great cheare should be sent us by and by ; but Powhatan and all the power he could make would after come and kill us all if they that brought us could not kill us with our own weapons when we were at supper. Therefore if we would live she wished us presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in he would have given her ; but with teares running downe her cheekes, she said she durst not

be seene to have any, for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead, and so she ranne away herself as she came."

In October, 1608, Captain Smith was badly burned by an explosion of gunpowder. As there was no competent medical man in the settlement, he decided to sail in a ship which was leaving for England the next day. The rumour spread that he was dead. Princess Pocahontas was sad and inconsolable. King Powhatan, suspecting mischief from those whom he now deemed his enemy, fanned the flames of hatred and ill-will.

The English settlers cherished the memory of a dauntless leader, a good comrade and a vigorous personality.

Captain John Smith remained in his own country, and when he died in 1631 his body was buried under English soil. By this time Britain had undergone many changes since the three small sailing ships left its shores a quarter of a century before.

James I was dead. King Charles I, brave and unhappy monarch, ruled in his stead. A second Parliament had been dissolved by his order, and Oliver Cromwell, now the member for Huntingdon, was becoming increasingly powerful and challenging. Sir Walter Raleigh, the discoverer of Virginia, had smiled at death by the axe of an executioner. " It's a sharp medicine," he said, " but an infallible cure." William Shakespeare passed quietly " to the unseen bourne from which no traveller hath returned."

People still made war in the name of religion, and for so-called principles on which agreement seemed to be impossible. In Europe the Thirty Years War was waging violently. And in 1620—fourteen years after John Smith and his company voyaged to Virginia—the Pilgrim Fathers set sail from Plymouth on 6th September. They landed on the coast of Massachusetts in America on 21st December, and founded the Plymouth colony. Their spirit still prevails in the puritanism of an enterprising people, while farther south the traditions of the Cavaliers are welcomed and maintained in Williamsburg and its environments.

And in the Church of the Sepulchre, London, there is a tablet to the memory of Captain John Smith. A replica is in the ruined church of Jamestown, where the settlers from England worshipped more than three centuries ago. An inscription reads :

Epitaph to Captain John Smith
To The Loving Memory Of His Deceased Friend
Captain John Smith

Sometime Governor Of Virginia
And Admiral Of New England
Who Departed This Life The 21st Of June, 1631

Accordamus Vincere Est Vivere

Here lyes one conquered that hath conquered Kings,
Subdued large Territories and done things
Which to the World impossible would seem,
But that the Truth is held in more esteem.
Shall I report his former Service done
In honour of his God and Christendom ?
How that he did divide from Pagans three
Their heads and lives, Types of his Chivalry,
For which great Service in that Climate done,
Brave Sigismundus, King of Hungarion
Did give him as a Coat of Arms to wear
These conquered heads got by his Sword and Spirit.
Or shall I tell of his Adventures since
Done in Virginia that large Continent ?
How that he subdued Kings unto his Yoke
And made those heathen flee, as Wind doth Smoke,
And made their land, being of so large a Station
An Habitation for our Christian Nation,
Where God is glorified, their Wants supply'd ;
Which else, for Necessaries must have dy'd.
But what avails his Conquests, now he ly's
Interr'd in Earth, a Prey to Worms and Flyes ?
O ! May His Soul in sweet Elysium sleep
Until the keeper that all Souls doth keep
Return to Judgment : and that after thence
With Angels he may have his Recompence.

And what of Princess Pocahontas ? How did she fare after her great friend left Jamestown ?

Little was heard of her for some time. Then she was held as a hostage at the Fort, and her father was informed that she would be released when he returned men, arms, and tools he had taken away. He was obstinate in his refusal, and so his daughter was retained.

Pocahontas was, of course, well treated, her position being that of an honoured guest. She lived in the home of the Rev. Alexander Whittaker, a man of understanding and sympathy. The women in

the Colony accepted her in their own circle, advanced her education, and took her with them to church every Sunday. She was the first Virginia convert to Christianity. At her baptism in 1613 she was given the name Rebecca.

In a letter to a friend, Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor, wrote : "Powhatan's daughter I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian Religion, who after she had made some good progress therein, renounced publicly her Country Idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, was, as she desired, baptysed."

On 5th April (or 15th, the date is uncertain), 1614, the Indian Princess was married to John Rolfe, scion of an English family, whose ancestral home was Heacham Hall, Norfolk. With the bridegroom it was love at first sight. He was a widower, but confessed, " Since I saw her, my hart and best thoughte are and have byn a longe time so intangled and inthralled to soe intricate a laborinth, that I was even awearied to unwynde my selfe thereout."

King Powhatan and his stalwart sons, having consented to the marriage, were present along with the Governor of Virginia, whose official permission Rolfe had successfully sought. Sir Thomas Dale, later, wrote : " Pocahontas lives civilly and lovingly with Rolfe, and I trust will increase in goodness, as the knowledge of God increaseth in her."

In a house of their own by the Jamestown River, Rolfe raised tobacco for export to England. A son was born, and was called Thomas in compliment to Sir Thomas Dale, whose constant kindness had been so marked. All four sailed for England in the year 1616.

At Heacham Hall the Indian bride " was welcomed by the astonished relatives." Then came Captain John Smith to greet her. Pocahontas, who thought he was dead, was overcome with emotion. She covered her face with her hands, unable for some time to speak. Then she stood before him, and addressed him as " Father." When he reminded her that she was a Princess, the daughter of a King, she said, " You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you. You called him father, being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason so must I do you . . . They did tell me alwaise you were dead and I knew no other till I came to Plimouth ; yet Powhatan did command Uttamaton (an Indian attendant) to seeke you and know the trouth, because your Countriemen lie much."

Pocahontas carried herself with royal dignity, and was received in society's most exclusive circles. She was presented at Court, " where

it pleased both the King and Queen Majestie honourably to esteem her."

Purchas, who wrote of her life in England, was present when the " Lord Bishop of London, Dr. King, entertained her with festival state and pompe beyond what I have seen in his great hospitality afforded to other ladies."

Her husband, John Rolfe, was appointed Secretary and Recorder General of the Virginia Colony. He planned to return to Jamestown in the ship *George*, with his wife and son. At Gravesend, however, Pocahontas, who had been unwell for some time, collapsed. She knew the end was near, and whispered to her husband, " All must die ; it is enough that the childe liveth."

It is recorded : " It pleased God at Gravesend to take Pocahontas to His mercy in about the two and twentieth year of her age . . . She died agreeably to her life, a most sincere and pious Christian."

She was buried in St. George's Church, Gravesend, on 21st March, 1617.

John Smith wrote : " Poor little maid. I sorrowed much for her thus early death, and even now cannot think of it without grief, for I felt toward her as if she were mine own daughter."

There is an excellent portrait of Pocahontas and her son, Thomas, in the King's Lynn Museum, Norfolk.

In her own country her name is kept green by a memorial tablet in the church at Jamestown, where the tower of 1639 still remains as a reminder of those early days when the first English settlers struggled against odds to establish themselves on American soil.

The inscription on the tablet runs :

POCAHONTAS

This Stone Commemorates
Princess POCAHONTAS Or
Matoaka Daughter Of The
Mighty American Indian Chief
Powhatan. Gentle And Humane,
She Was The Friend Of The
Earliest Struggling English
Colonists Whom She Nobly Rescued,
Protected And Helped.
On Her Conversion To
Christianity In 1613 She
Received In Baptism The Name

REBECKA And Shortly Afterwards
Became The Wife Of JOHN
ROLFE A Settler in Virginia.
She Visited England With
Her Husband In 1616, Was
Graciously Received By
Queen Anne Wife Of
James I. In The
Twenty-Second Year Of Her Age
She Died At Gravesend, England
While Preparing To Revisit Her
Native Country, And Was
Buried There, In St. George's
Church On March 21st, 1617.

To round off the story of Jamestown and Pocahontas, I ought to tell that John Rolfe went back to Virginia. He discovered a process for packing tobacco for safe transport, and sent the first shipload to England, thus inaugurating the great tobacco trade. His brother Harry, a member of the Virginia Company, brought up the boy Thomas in England. John Rolfe married again, his third wife being Jane Pierce, of Virginia. He was killed in the massacre of 1622, when the Indians were led by Opechancanough, an uncle of Pocahontas.

The son, Thomas, on the completion of his education, went to Jamestown to engage in the tobacco trade. He settled on a tract of land known as Smith's Fort (the Fort, built by Captain Smith, is still standing). A brick house, dated 1652, now restored, was erected on property owned by Thomas Rolfe. Thomas married Jane Peythress, and from this couple are descended some of the most notable families in Virginia. The second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was a direct descendant.

I saw and learnt many things in my pilgrimage to Jamestown. But it was the statue of John Smith, and the statue of Pocahontas, and the memorial shrine of Robert Hunt, and the story of them and their gallant comrades, that chiefly enthralled me, and gripped my mind and imagination.

And now when I smoke a cigarette made of Virginia tobacco, I think again of them. I also recall a girl, kind and winsome, speaking with a soft, beguiling Southern accent, and who opened the way to one of the most memorable experiences of my life.

Chapter IX

PASTOR IN HIS PARISH

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favoured as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.
Let me to-night look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
" Because of some good act to beast or man,
The world is better that I lived to-day."

As pastor of St. Peter's Church, Niagara Falls, my lot was cast in pleasant places. I delighted in every bit of my ministry. The work was congenial, varied, and interesting. The people to whom I was privileged to minister were responsive, kind, and appreciative. They demanded service because they wanted it. If they were insistent it was a compliment to the minister : they were assured he alone could satisfy that particular need.

The Rev. Charles Rowe initiated me into pastoral duties and customs in the Diocese of Western New York. He was helping at St. Peter's until the new Church of the Redeemer was built. I was present at the laying of the foundation stone. The edifice itself was completed and consecrated within a period of six months.

I could not have had a better guide than this popular Episcopalian priest. He knew his way about, and he placed his car and himself at my disposal.

" I think we ought to go together to the hospital," he said to me. " Some of your St. Peter's people are there, and they would, I know, appreciate a visit from you."

It was good to find that these calls fitted in with the prevailing system. Every patient is asked to state his " religious allegiance." He is then entitled (and expected) to receive the ministrations of his own pastor. Privacy is nearly always possible as there are seldom more than three or four invalids in a room or ward.

Mr. Rowe and I made our calls and he permitted me to say a cheerful word, to offer prayer, and to give a blessing. My English

accent roused curiosity. When it became known I was the exchange parson at St. Peter's Church, doctors, nurses, attendants and patients welcomed me heartily.

There was an admirable restaurant for the use of visitors, and my colleague and I were glad of an opportunity to sit and eat and rest and talk. Mr. Rowe drank afternoon tea like any good Englishman, and said, " I must take you along to see Mrs. Smith. She has been ill, confined to her bed for about ten years, and there is no recovery. I will say no more because I have a feeling you will remember your first call—always."

I braced myself for what I expected to be a difficult meeting.

The invalid was in bed. She looked frail, and her face was deadly white. Her eyes, I noticed, were honest eyes, and were bright, as she greeted me in a voice unmistakably Scotch. When I laughed at her accent, saying that all my forbears came from her side of the border although I was born and educated in England, she shook my hand, and said, " We are sure to be friends."

She told me her story—marriage to a man " as good as gold " (as indeed he was), early struggles, increasing prosperity, a pleasant home, and then an evil disease from which there was no escape except by a miracle.

As Americans do, so did I. I said, " How have you reacted to all this ? It would help me to know."

" I have stood up to it all right," she replied. " I've had my bad moments, but on the whole it has been a wonderful time. You see, I have a host of friends, and they come here regularly. My husband seems to grow even kinder, and, really, I am seldom dull or bored with my own company."

She stopped speaking. She gave a little laugh, and said, " Now, I want to know your reactions to the United States, and to the people whom you are meeting."

I told her some of the amusing things that had happened. When I ended, she whispered, " You asked me the secret of my courage and confidence. It is my belief in God. That sustains me daily . . . Yes, of course, I receive my Communion here at regular intervals. That strengthens my spirit most of all."

I arranged to celebrate Holy Communion privately in her room. Outside the house, I said to Charles Rowe, " My dear fellow, that woman reduces my stature to infinitesimal proportions. Her faith removes mountains. It works."

" You saw her," he answered, " just as others see her. Speaking

off the record, whenever I feel a bit depressed about things, and need a cordial, I call at the house for a chat with her. It's a tonic for drooping spirits."

Later, I discovered for myself that scores of people did the same. It brought familiar words to mind :

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.
What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

I was struck by the attention given to patients in hospitals. Surgeons and professors told me of the great advances that had been made in medical knowledge and research. They spoke of rich men who had made this possible by generous benefactions because they maintained they must use, for the general good, money they had acquired in their business or profession. " We are afraid," said an eminent university scholar, " that we are approaching a new era when this no longer may be possible. Rearmament for war, increasing taxation, growing cost of living, and other financial demands may curb the enthusiasm, even of millionaires, for benevolence and philanthropy. Meanwhile, we are making the most of our chances."

The conflict in Korea was brought home to me when I was asked to call on a member of St. Peter's Church, whose son-in-law was one of the first officers to be killed. He lost his life while taking camera pictures of the fighting. Like Mrs. Smith, this woman, too, affluent, intelligent, widely travelled, bore adversity with fortitude and sensibility. The wound was deep, as I discerned, but again religion was a healing balm and natural sorrow was assuaged by simple faith.

It fell to me, of course, to officiate at funerals. My first service was for an Armenian, the Armenians making use of an Episcopalian priest when one of their own Church was not available. Strangely, also, the first wedding at which I was present in St. Peter's Church was that of an Armenian bride and bridegroom. An Armenian bishop was the chief officiant, and, at his request, I said some of the prayers, and also gave a blessing.

I must confess that it was a surprise to learn about funeral directors (who qualified for their work by taking special courses at universities), funeral parlours, embalming of the dead, the clothing of the body in ordinary attire, and the tremendous cost so often involved.

A funeral director—I must remember not to write undertaker—talked to me frankly about it after he had shown me round his parlour and workshop and explained his own particular craft.

" I guess," he said, " that an average sort of funeral might cost £200 in your English money. That would not be what you might call impressive. A little time ago an Italian died. His relatives decided to spend all the insurance money, and a lot of their own, in erecting a mausoleum. It cost them thousands of dollars."

" Were they rich ? " I asked.

" No. Just working people."

" Will they be able to pay ? "

" It is a debt of honour. The members of the family will unite to discharge it on the instalment system. They will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are providing places for themselves also ! "

As " with amazement filled " I looked at him, he said, " Italians are emotional. I like them. I'm inclined to think that your home-bred American is becoming hard-hearted. He don't seem to like big and expensive funerals any more."

I was writing later that day to a friend in England. I told him about the conversation, and could not resist adding, " I cannot afford to die out here in the States. It is difficult enough to live ! "

Life makes its own adjustments. As the old go through the gate to be crowned with immortality, babies open wondering eyes upon the romance, sorrow, loveliness and beauty of the world of mortals.

And so it came to pass that I baptized my first child in St. Peter's Church. She was a fine infant ; on that point the proud parents and I were in full agreement. At the request of the mother, I held her in my arms after she had received her Christian name at the font, so that a photographer might take a picture. I have one of the photographs now in my possession. When I look at it, I share some of the proprietary pride and interest of the parents.

Some time after this, my telephone bell rang at eight o'clock on a bright summer's morning. Said a woman at the other end, " I want you to tell me, please, what information you will require for the baptism of my baby in your church." I told her, and suggested we might have the service on the following Sunday.

" Next Sunday ? " she queried. " That's impossible. You see the

baby isn't born yet. I just wish to complete my preparations before the dear little thing comes to me."

It was pleasant to baptize babies, but my chief delight was to officiate at weddings. Although the Prayer Book rites are similar to the Church of England, the Episcopalians have introduced special features of their own. I found them intriguing.

Most important is a full rehearsal before the wedding day. It is no make-believe. I attended one which lasted two hours. The priest explains the service in detail. The main actors are coached in their respective parts ; organists and photographers are instructed what to do and just when to do it. Timing is important.

I recall clearly one of my weddings at St. Peter's. The church was filled with a fashionable congregation. Beautiful flowers were on the altar ; a dozen candles were burning. At a given signal, the organist struck up, " Here comes the bride . . . here comes the bride." This again was the cue for bridegroom and best man to emerge from the vestry, and take up their places on the left of the clergyman, now in his own proper position in the chancel.

At the same time six ushers walked slowly from the west end of the church to range themselves by the side of the bridegroom. Following them were six bridesmaids, moving more leisurely still, but with great stateliness. All were young and pretty.

As the music got louder and the atmosphere tense, the radiant bride, looking like a Fairy Princess, walked slowly and gracefully, holding the arm of her father. They, too, went straight to their appointed places. The ceremony was conducted without a hitch.

As arranged, I smiled and nodded to the bridegroom immediately after the final blessing. Thereupon, he threw his arms round the bride's neck, and kissed her long and passionately. Then, turning, the happy couple—and they were happy, bless 'em—walked triumphantly down the church. The organist pulled out more stops, the photographers snapped their cameras, and the ushers and the bridesmaids quickened their steps as they marched in procession.

The reception was a gay affair. It was held in the most exclusive club in Niagara. Nearby, were the Falls ; green pastures stretched down to the river ; the sun blazed in a blue sky. There was unlimited champagne. Guests mingled and talked without restraint ; my wife and I were at once in the party and of the party.

Then I was given a large plate and told to help myself at long tables laden with a rich variety of foods. I had heard of a millionaire's banquet. Here was evidence in tangible form. In the dining

room, I whispered to my neighbour, " This is a marvellous feast, but, you know, it is the first time in my life I have seen salmon and turkey on the same plate, and, like righteousness and peace, kissing each other."

As I was leaving, a pleasant fellow stopped me. " I came from New York, Padre, for this wedding. I settled there some years ago, after leaving England. By the way, what is the present population of the United Kingdom ? "

" Round about fifty million," I replied.

" Well, of all those people I'm only interested in one of them. He is an old friend with whom, I am sorry to say, I lost touch. You must tell me about him."

" What is his name ? "

" Moorsom."

" Initials, R. P. ? "

" Yes."

" Parson, cricketer, sportsman, good fellow, once lived at Cleadon, County Durham ? "

" The very man, Padre. Get cracking about him, please."

I cracked.

I must also place on record in this veracious narrative that shortly afterwards I had two callers from Gasport, a village a few miles from Niagara. Their names are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pearson.

Bob Pearson is an American farmer, like his fathers before him. The maiden name of his wife was Inez Ferens, who was born under the shadow of Durham Cathedral. They met while they were on service in Canada during the war years. Each loved the wide, open spaces and life on the land. They were married in Durham Cathedral by Dean Alington, with other high ecclesiastics assisting.

Mrs. Pearson's brother is Mr. H. Cecil Ferens, a former Mayor of Durham and legal secretary to the Bishop of Durham. It was from him I obtained the licence to enable me to officiate at the wedding of Fred Brown and Hilda Twitty in Easington Church, and the source of the subsequent exchange of parishes.

There is more to tell. On the day after the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, a reception to mark the wedding was given to the Browns by members of the Church of the Redeemer. It was held in St. Peter's hall, and I gave the wedding toast seven months after the marriage in my home church, 3,500 miles away.

I will not say that the meal was equal to the feast already described. But it was a very happy occasion, and one of good fellowship and

strange coincidence. What more could the soul of man desire?

Invitations to the homes of members of St. Peter's Church came thick and fast. It was possible to accept only a small proportion of them.

Americans have not yet cultivated the English custom of afternoon tea. But an exception was made in favour of my wife and me. Our hosts also brought their friends to meet us so that we might become acquainted and exchange ideas. On one such occasion, the talk turned on the learning of English. In reply to a question, I said that I thought our prepositions presented difficulties, and that I frequently paused before deciding to use "in" or "at." "For instance," I concluded, "shall I say that 'I live *in* Niagara' or 'I live *at* Niagara'?"

A linguist told me that she was taught to use "in" for a large town and "at" for a small one. She would say, "I live in New York" and "I live at Slocum Village."

"I hope," said a local legislator, with a reputation for oratory, "that you never use a preposition with which to end a sentence. My father was a judge, and strict in the use of words. On prepositions, he provided me with the 'perfect 'orrible example' and it has stuck for life."

"How does it go?" I asked.

"I daresay it may be familiar to you, but as I drink my second cup of tea, I will recall it for you." Here it is as he told it:

"A little girl said to her nursemaid, 'I want to be read to.' The nursemaid said, 'What do you want to be read to out of?' The little girl said, 'Robinson Crusoe.'

"The nursemaid went downstairs and brought back 'Swiss Family Robinson.' The little girl said, 'What did you bring that book for me to be read to out of for'?"

When he asked whether I liked it, I replied, "It will go into my memory box for preservation of prepositions and for exposition and quotation."

My wife and I enjoyed a round of dinner parties. Company and food alike were admirable. Kitchens had all the latest electric devices, adequate refrigerators, of course, being indispensable. Dining rooms were well furnished and tables were set with good china, flowers, coloured candles, shaded lights, and decorations. There was taste and there was artistry.

My greatest happiness, however, came from the people I met, especially when we could sit at open windows, looking out on well-

kept gardens and lawns and on green valleys and on nature's miracle, the Falls of Niagara.

At one dinner party I saw the largest turkey I have ever seen, or am likely to see in my life. If Charles Dickens—and he knew Niagara well—had seen such a bird, he would never have boasted of the one Scrooge bought in London, and which sent Bob Cratchit and his family into such an ecstasy of delight.

Said the hostess, " My husband and I heard that Mrs. Duncan and you are very fond of turkey, and that you could not get one for your last Christmas dinner. And so we thought you had better share one with us. We do hope you will like it."

That, again, is the American way.

We saw no austerity in Niagara City when we were there. We went to many out-of-door picnics in public parks, where facilities were provided for cooking and serving meals, and also to numerous indoor gatherings. We soon acquired the habit of eating hot-dogs, hamburgers, doughnuts, ice cream and candies. We failed lamentably with the chewing gum, but did justice to the strawberries and cherries in their all too-brief season.

It was fit and proper that I should be summoned from such revelry to graver matters of church and state.

I attended a meeting of churchwardens and vestrymen. Mr. Augustus Porter was in the chair. He was benign and tactful and resourceful. He did not even stir in his seat when the treasurer said they must budget for a sum of 30,000 dollars (£10,500) for the ensuing year.

All present were men of sound business and professional standing. They could not have given more careful attention and exact planning to their own financial interests. Laymen were operating on their own ground and they knew every yard of it.

They assured me they would hit their target. " Every member of St. Peter's Church will be approached personally," said a vestryman to me, " and we shall expect him to give in proportion to his means. It means hard work for rector, churchwardens, vestrymen, and the congregation, but a strong and united effort will pull us through."

As a licensed priest, I was called to be present at the annual Convention of the Diocese of Western New York. It was held in a church at Buffalo. Bishop Scaife presided over a large assembly of parsons and laymen. It was all very precise, business-like, and relevant. Evensong followed. There was not an empty seat. From the manner of the singing and the fervour manifested, it was clear that these

Episcopalians loved their Church, and were prepared to serve it loyally.

Bishop Scaife, from the pulpit, welcomed me publicly to his diocese, and then said he was asked to convey to the Convention the greetings and good wishes of the Bishop of Durham. On their side, he knew there would be warm reciprocation.

The sermon encouraged and inspired. It called for action and service and was challenging at times. Bishop Scaife was not afraid of humour nor was the congregation hesitant in their laughter. Almost casually, he observed, " I must tell you that I have just received a cheque for several thousand dollars for the Bishopric Endowment Fund. The name of the donor cannot yet be disclosed, but it is right that I should express our appreciation and gratitude."

On the following night came a Convention dinner. There were scores of guests from all parts of the diocese. Among them moved the bishop, easily, freely, giving welcome and being welcomed wherever he went.

At my table sat a tall, broad-shouldered clergyman. He looked at me and smiled. " I am glad you have come out to the States to see the Episcopal Church in action," he said. " My native place is in Warwickshire ; I left it long ago. Do you know Birmingham ? "

" Fairly well," I replied.

" I have a friend there, Canon Belton, who for many years was Vicar of St. Patrick's. Did you run across him ? "

" My dear man," I said " I preached in his church ages ago. His rooms at college were next to mine, and our friendship has never grown cold. We exchanged letters just before I left England."

How very many links there are in the chain of comradeship ! My neighbour was the Rev. A. T. B. Haines, D.D., and he was serving in a Buffalo church.

He and his wife, and my wife and I, spent golden hours together motoring to and exploring new country. If we banished their nostalgia for a time, they stirred our own pride in Great Britain, and strengthened further the ties that were binding us to our cousins across the sea.

Chapter X

MIRACULOUS NIAGARA

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS.

GOAT ISLAND is on the Niagara River near the Falls. It was formerly called Iris because of the rainbow colouring. The name was changed by the villagers in honour of a bearded goat which, alone of the herd, survived the rigours of a severe winter in the year 1779.

The island divides the tumbling waters on either side. A bridge links it with the mainland, and there is a constant flow of people and traffic. It was to Goat Island that Mr. Augustus Porter took me in his car after dinner on my first day in Niagara. He chose it so that I might have my first view of the Cataract, the Rapids, and the Whirlpool from an admirable vantage spot.

I was enthralled and spell-bound. Words, camera or artist's picture cannot adequately describe a scene of infinite and awesome beauty. The magic pen of Charles Dickens essayed the task, and he wrote : " It was not until I came to Table Rock and looked, great Heaven ! on what a fall of bright green water—that it came upon me in its full majesty. Then I felt how near to my Creator I was standing . . . The first effect and the enduring one was peace . . . nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty to remain there, changeless and indelible, until the pulses ceased to beat for ever . . . Always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid."

Mr. Porter motored slowly round the half mile of park, rich in trees, wild flowers and plants, and unfolding the American and Canadian Falls from different aspects and angles. This was my first introduction to the Thundering Waters of Niagara. I renewed

acquaintanceship frequently, and I always saw something fresh in form and colour, changes being kaleidoscopic.

I had a near view of Letchworth Falls a few miles away. They were exquisite in a woodland setting and the waters tumbling into a rocky gorge. But the relationship to Niagara Falls was that of a pigmy to a giant. The Falls of Niagara are among the finest of their kind. They are to be observed for oneself and by oneself. A guide book will reveal useful facts and figures and descriptions ; these are but the skeletons of the feast, to be quickened to life and realism by personal experience and impression.

From printed pages I read : " Scientific men have long studied the physical formation of Niagara Falls and speculated as to its origin and ultimate destruction in Lake Erie. Eminent geologists agree that about 50,000 years have passed since the short Niagara River first spilled over the Dolomite lodge at Lewiston. They know that for the last 500 centuries the constant rush of waters has been undermining, dissolving and gradually wearing away the solid rock of the channel."

I went on to find that the height of the American Fall is 167 feet, which is seven feet more than that of the Canadian Fall. The contour line of the American Fall is 1,000 feet ; the Horseshoe Fall is 2,500 feet. I noted also that the green colour of the Horseshoe Fall is due to its depth, and that for the illumination of the Falls at night the flood-lights of Canada radiate one billion four hundred and forty million candle power.

When I heard also that there is a crumbling process continuously going on, I was assured that scientists declare that Niagara will last for at least another 20,000 years.

Well, signposts are useful to indicate the right road along which to travel, and to point to special places of interest on the way. But, after all, it is the thing itself that matters, and our own reactions to it. I was fortunate to be in a rectory from which a cricket ball might be thrown into the great Cataract itself. Its roar of thunder came clearly in the silence of night, and assailed my ears as I passed down Buffalo Avenue, where tame squirrels peeped at me from the shelter of trees, and made my way to St. Peter's Church.

But I often turned off to the nearby Rapids and Cataract. It was of unending interest to watch the waters rush and swirl and leap and sweep over the battered, centuries-old rocks into the seething cauldron of the abyss.

Still more fascinating was the sight of the Horseshoe Fall from

the Canadian side, where the whole panorama was in view. When the river plunges wildly into the deep gorge, clouds of mist and spray rise high into the air, while rainbows illuminate them with all the colours of the spectrum.

There is grandeur of another kind where the upper gorge begins to narrow, circumventing the water which, like a furious tiger, seeks a way of escape. It is computed that 280,000 cubic feet of water per second endlessly pour over the Cataract's brink. After this comes the Whirlpool, on the surface like a mill pond, but with the strong current of Niagara raging furiously in unseen depths.

Then, in amazing fashion, the river, with all passion spent, flows quietly along to safe haven in Lake Ontario. On this part of the journey I sailed in a ship for an evening's picnic with members of St. Peter's choir. The noise of the Cataracts could not be heard. Birds sang as no human choristers could have done. We listened and marvelled. I watched men and girls swimming in calm waters and, thinking of the nearby traps of doom, thought that more wonderful still.

The shadow of death is on the face of the waters. An Indian tribe, the powerful Senecas, abode in their wigwams around the Falls. Fierce though they were, and of unbridled cruelty, they believed in Nauwaneu, the Great White Spirit. To him they said prayers, voiced their thanksgivings, and made human sacrifice. They had their own ethical standard and worship and there was rigid tribal observance. Their religion was a form of pantheism ; they declared that the Great Spirit dwelt in Oniagrarah (the Indian name for Niagara). To them the roar of the Cataract was the voice of God.

Twice a year, therefore, the fairest maid of all the tribe was offered as a propitiatory sacrifice. She was placed in a canoe, full of beautiful flowers and the finest fruits, and then cast adrift, to be swept over the Falls, and crowned as the bride of " Maniton." She is now the mythical Maid of the Mist, and pleasure boats of this name take tourists on the river to gaze upwards at the waters making their 160-feet dive.

The story is told that the pretty Lelawala, daughter of Chief Eagle Eye, was a selected victim. From her canoe, she cast an appealing glance at her father. There was a great love between them, and the warrior did not hesitate. He rushed to her rescue in his own frail craft. All, however, was in vain, and parent and child perished in the pitiless cascade.

Indians say that the Falls exact a toll of at least two human lives a year. It is a strange thing that the rapids and the cataracts exercise a deadly fascination over certain types of people. Suicides are expected and rouse little comment. On the day my wife and I arrived in Niagara, we were told that a girl had just climbed over the rail by the river path and walked into the water. She was caught at once by the fierce current and, still holding a blue handbag, was swept into eternity. During our stay there were similar sad instances of unfortunate individuals who deliberately plunged into the stream either by its spell or from despair of life itself.

Not far from the Falls is a wild but striking spot known as Devil's Hole, at the base of Niagara Gorge. It is well named, for here in the summer of 1763 took place a massacre that is still mentioned with bated breath. Its origin is traced to the defeat of the French garrison holding their castle stronghold, with the aid of the Senecas. They had been in possession for some four-score years, when they were challenged by the British, under Sir William Johnson, British Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Forced to capitulate after a two weeks' seige, they walked out in tattered garments to permit the conquerors to enter with " drum beating, bayonets fixed and match lighted at both ends."

A clever statesman and a wise administrator, Johnson saw first to his defences and then to facilities for transport. He rebuilt and strengthened Fort Niagara and Fort Schlosser. He invited a Mr. Stedman to build a portage road from Lewiston, some eight miles away, and to use wagon trains to carry supplies. This was a minor revolution. The Senecas, who hitherto had carried the goods to the fortress, were persuaded by the embittered French, with whom they had been on friendly terms, that they would no longer be required. And so, on 14th September, 1763, they lay in ambush near Devil's Hole, waiting for the British troops and civilians triumphantly bringing the first lot of equipment along the new road. There were 300 soldiers in the party, while a redoubt of twelve men was at Niagara Gorge. Mr. Stedman, his contract completed satisfactorily, was leading on horseback.

Suddenly, the Indians, shrieking and excited, made their attack. With considerable advantage in numbers, they struck down many of their opponents. Others they drove over the precipice, to fall sixty feet to their death at Devil's Hole. The onslaught was murderous, overwhelming, merciless.

There were, it is believed, only three survivors. One was Stedman

himself. Indians seized his horse, probably intending to hold him for subsequent torture and execution. When their attention was drawn to the carnage around them, the white man dug his spurs into the mare, cut the bridle, and rode to safety through the woods.

A drummer fell among trees, was caught by his drum straps, and got away unhurt. The third man crashed over the precipice and broke his thigh. He crawled on hands and knees to the nearest British garrison.

Sir William Johnson acted promptly. He was firm and conciliatory. He called the Indian tribes from all quarters, and made trade treaties with them, which he honourably observed. The Redskins admired him for his courage, and they liked him for his integrity.

It is now said that the Senecas initiated "the first American labour strike." They paid for ill-timed foolishness. When the Commissioner demanded reparation, they conceded to the British Crown all the lands from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie, extending for several miles from either shore of the Niagara frontier. "Thus was established in 1764 the approximate outline of that metropolitan district now called the Niagara Frontier."

British soldiers and settlers planned and built houses, made transport roads, cultivated the soil, encouraged commercial enterprise, and gave English names to the villages. Niagara was Manchester, and Niagara-on-the-Lake, the most important place on the Frontier, was called Newark. The renaming came when the Americans subsequently gained control.

After the Revolutionary War, loyalists to the Crown flocked into Canada, and there laid the foundations of agricultural and industrial development. The British troops also crossed the river to occupy Fort George. In 1798 Americans took possession of Fort Niagara.

It was at this stage that Augustus Porter and other pioneers strove to build Niagara City. They were successful to a marked degree, when valuable work was undone by the outbreak of hostilities between Britain and America. United States soldiers burned border towns in Canada. In retaliation, His Majesty's forces seized Fort Niagara, and ruthlessly destroyed all the settlements round about it.

A peace treaty was signed in 1815. Two years later full agreement was reached. The sword was put back into its sheath. Since then the two great English-speaking nations have lived in peace and amity. Goodwill prevails on both sides of the Niagara River. Americans and Canadians co-operate in industrial undertakings,

share common ideals, settle differences by consultation and fight only on the field of sport.

And along the 3,000-mile border line, which begins somewhere in the Horseshoe Falls, no armed soldier is to be seen nor any hostile fortification to be found.

Yet men who wish to face odds and challenge death have still their opportunities. I saw the place where Blondin, nearly one hundred years ago, walked across the Falls on a rope. When the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, visited Canada in 1860, the agile Frenchman excelled all previous feats. He ended an amazing exhibition of courage and skill by carrying his manager, Harry Colcord, across the Gorge, sitting in an especially prepared leather harness on his back, and the only ride of its kind recorded in history.

Twenty-three years later, Captain Webb, without life preservers, attempted to swim the Whirlpool of Niagara. For a time his powerful strokes kept him afloat, and then a great wave swept him under the water. He reappeared for a brief space while thousands of spectators looked on unable to help. He struggled frantically before he, too, fell a victim to the voracious vortex.

Other men who have challenged Niagara in boats or barrels have succeeded. There was one lady who sought to emulate Carlisle Graham, who went through the Whirlpool rapids in a barrel. She used the same cask, which was tossed about in the Whirlpool for more than five hours. When it was recovered poor Miss Maud Willard was dead.

I was surprised to find that the authorities still permit men to risk their lives in similar attempts. One fellow tried to negotiate the Falls in a barrel while I was in Niagara. Thousands assembled on a Sunday afternoon to watch him. When the barrel was launched it bounced in the water for some time, and then jammed on a rock. The man was taken out (unknown to most of the people), and the barrel was set afloat while onlookers gasped as it sped to the Cataracts, and vanished from sight.

"What makes men do this sort of thing in these enlightened days?" I asked Mr. Porter.

"As a rule," he said, "they are seeking notoriety or money or both. After this last episode I fancy public opinion will be roused to put an end to it."

He pulled out his diary, consulted it, and said, "I want you to come with me to a gathering at the Old Fort Niagara. I am on the

committee of the Old Fort Association, and will take you along as my guest. It is on a Sunday afternoon, and we can set off immediately after morning service. It begins with an excellent lunch in the old Fort."

He explained that the Old Fort Association was started in 1897 to restore and maintain the ancient battlements.

" We raise money locally," he remarked, " and the Congress of the United States backs our efforts liberally. In English money I reckon we have spent more than £250,000 in recent years. These old buildings and their upkeep just run away with dollars."

" Is it worth while ? " I asked.

" I guess that sound sentiment goes pretty well with the right sort of patriotism. As an Englishman you ought to know that what happened in Niagara in the eighteenth century shaped the destiny of both Britain and America. France's hope of a North American Empire was shattered when Captain Francois Pouchot surrendered to Sir William Johnson, a shrewd fellow and a born administrator. Subsequent events had a tremendous influence on economic, social, and political development in Canada and the United States."

" And what of the meeting at the Old Fort Niagara ? "

" Eminent statesmen will be there from Ontario and from Washington, D.C., and will speak of what unites and not of the things which may at times divide us. Frenchmen and Indians will also be present, and a crowd numbering several hundreds."

The Old Fort is about fourteen miles from the Falls. Mr. Porter knew every yard of the way, and was primed with local knowledge. He pointed out the Frontier House Inn where Fennimore Cooper wrote *Leather Stocking Tales*, and also the County Club on the cliffs. It marks the beginning of the Falls thousands of years ago.

Past history was brought up to date as we passed through the Port des Cinq—the Gate of the Five Nations. It was so called in honour of the powerful Iroquois Federation of Indians, and dates back to 1757. Across the drawbridge, we saw the British Blockhouse, built in 1770, and also a log cabin which has weathered the storms for nearly two centuries. Once a blacksmith's forge, it now serves as a workshop for the repair and maintenance of Fort Niagara.

My main interest was in the Castle itself. Built in 1726, it has never been destroyed. Fortress against attack, it was also a trading post with the Indians, from whose sharp eyes its secrets of construction, and ingenious implements of warfare, were sedulously guarded.

Inside the Castle I met many notable citizens from the surrounding

neighbourhood and also " from over the border." Mr. Porter was right about the lunch. It was, as he said, " excellent." Everyone helped himself from a large assortment of appetizing dishes, and was cordially invited to return for second helpings.

" By the way," said Augustus Porter in the most casual fashion, " I suppose I ought to tell you that your name is on the schedule. The committee were unanimous in their wish that you should say the opening prayers. A Roman Catholic priest will pronounce the blessing. And perhaps I should say that we are celebrating our success in the fight for Independence—and the settlement of the international boundary line by the joint commission in 1819."

There was a tremendous crowd, warm and comfortable in the open air, and intent on the proceedings, which stirred enthusiasm, and inspired goodwill and co-operation. The illustrious speakers from Ontario and Washington were eloquent, informative, and complimentary about each other's country.

Then the national flags of America, Britain, and France were unfurled, and national anthems were sung, and everyone seemed happy and satisfied. I had a friendly talk with the Roman Catholic priest sitting beside me on the platform. He was a pleasant fellow, who was born in Belgium, and (so he told me) had settled comfortably in the country of his adoption.

As we returned home, the great grandson of the first Augustus Porter, of Niagara City, said, " Well, and how did you like our festival ? "

" It was an experience," I answered, " which I shall remember. What a reversal of history it seemed to be. I must say that Old Time rings strange changes."

I caught a smile on his face.

" It was good of you to offer the prayers," he said. " It is the first time in the history of the Old Fort Association that an Anglican clergyman from England, and licensed to serve in the Episcopal Church in this diocese, has done this. Personally, I am grateful to you."

" That's all right," I retorted with some emphasis. " But you know I must also be the first parson in the British Empire who has been asked publicly to return thanks to the Creator for the success of American arms against his own country, and the loss of our Crown colonies."

I looked steadily at the churchwarden of St. Peter's Church, Niagara Falls. He said nothing. But the smile on his face broadened.

Chapter XI

BIG BUSINESS IN AMERICA

And you prate of the wealth of nations, as
if it were bought and sold,
The wealth of nations is men, not silk and
cotton and gold.

Richard Hovey.

Niagara is more than a place for tourists. It is one of the chief industrial cities in America. Fortune came to it when the ingenuity of man contrived to generate the rushing waters of the Falls into electricity. In this way more than 4,750,000 kilowatts of power are provided to keep the wheels of industry running, and also for transmission throughout the western portion of New York State.

Electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical works abound. But the manufacture of goods includes paper, carbons, graphite, aircraft, storage batteries, shredded wheat, food processing machinery and printed business forms. A hundred industries provide employment for 36,000 men and women, bringing an annual revenue of something like two hundred million dollars.

The population of 150,000 boasts a large professional and business class. The standard of living is high, and (in familiar phrase) men work hard and play hard. " Culturally," an observer wrote recently, " the city is above the average. It has a university, three colleges and preparatory schools, eight high and junior schools, thirty-eight churches, seven theatres, 1,037 acres of public parks, playing grounds and sports fields. Ten county clubs are located within a radius of twenty-five miles."

Here is Big Business on a large scale, and I set out to discover its secrets. I went first to an American friend whose home was some distance from the frontier town. I was confident I would get the truth from him, for, although blunt at times, he is essentially honest.

Opportunity came when he motored me to his works. These occupied many acres of ground, and it took us some time to encircle them in a car. The outcome of his own genius and enterprise, he

was rightly proud of them. There were thousands of employees, a strong board of directors and well-trained staff.

When we returned to his house, and were settled in comfortable chairs, I told him I should like to learn something of Big Business in America.

" Its secret is pretty obvious," he said. " It is production first, production second, and production all the time. Frankly, and without offence, I want to say that, in my opinion, it was here that Great Britain slipped up after the end of the last war. She lowered production by reducing working hours, allowing free summer holidays, increasing wages, and, worst of all, restricted coal output by introducing a five-day week in the nationalized mines. In that way, to my mind, lies bankruptcy."

" But, surely," I protested, " these things are good in themselves. I take it that the object is to make a more contented people, and to give greater opportunity for a fuller social life."

" I agree to that proposition," he responded quickly. " But a nation that borrows money—I'm going to hit harder—must at all costs keep within its income, pay its debts, conserve its resources, work hard. Only when it is assured of solvency, with a good credit balance behind it, ought it to risk reduction in the supply of essential commodities."

" What about your own workmen ? "

" They know as well as I do that production is, so to speak, the bird that lays the golden eggs. It is a matter of simple economics. When production goes up, overhead charges proportionately come down. With a larger output, one is able to sell more cheaply. Yet profits rise, and so, too, do wages. Every man Jack knows he will have more money in his pay packet if the firm does well."

" Quite a happy family."

" Well, we try to make it so. We have an annual picnic. We mix and we talk freely. A man may discuss baseball or air a grievance or shoot out an idea that has got into his brain. We like to reward efficiency in this way, even though we do not easily tolerate the idle and the fools."

He then told me about numerous welfare schemes in force, and the assurance of security at normal times.

" Do not think," he added, " that all this is pure philanthropy on our part. It makes for increased production, and we regard it as good business. At any rate, this is how I personally have made a fortune, and I fancy that along similar lines your own great country,

with its tradition and financial genius, may fight its way back to prosperity and power."

"As a parson," I said, "I don't suppose I shall ever be rich. I do wish you would tell me what it feels like to be really wealthy!"

He pulled a wry face.

"It's wonderful at first," he replied. "It means large cars, luxury hotels, travel, well-furnished houses, membership of exclusive clubs, and so on. Then it all becomes normal, and somehow the sauce loses its flavour. With the novelty gone, the Old Adam asserts himself again. What really matters, I think, is a worth-while job, well conceived and executed. Your Robert Louis Stevenson was right when he said it was better to travel hopefully than to arrive."

"Before you leave the witness box," I said, "have you anything more to say in defence of Big Business?"

"Yes. I'm a good Episcopalian. For me religion means fair dealing. I regard men as of greater importance than machinery and piling up profits. But I also consider that they, on their part, when they get adequate wages, should not begrudge officials, who do the planning and the thinking, an extra slice of the cake, nor the shareholders their dividends for the money they have invested in the industry."

Following this instructive interview, a church member unexpectedly invited my wife and me to spend a Sunday afternoon touring in his car. With his spouse, we set off immediately.

I sat by the driver. I knew nothing about him nor his social standing. I found him intelligent, well informed on current affairs, and expert on local topography. He was also a lover of frozen custard; of this we consumed large quantities. The man who invented this brand of ice cream made a quick fortune. It has now become Big Business.

We had what was called "supper" with our host and hostess in their own home. The house was in a pleasant part of Niagara. Made largely of wood, it had five or six rooms, with the usual immaculate kitchen. The meal was well cooked and well served. We were ready for it, and so enjoyed it thoroughly. Conversation ran as easily as the poured-out coffee. It stopped when we went into the lounge to watch a play on the television set, and later to listen to the radio news.

We travelled to the rectory by car and, as we parted, the driver said, "It's been a delight to have you with us. You will do my wife

and me a favour if you will ring whenever we can take you somewhere in the automobile."

Who was he ? He was an artisan at a local factory. He talked about his own craft freely, and readily answered my questions. It was crystal clear that he liked and was interested in his work. He glowed with enthusiasm as he told me the story of his firm, the reputation it enjoyed, and of plans maturing for future development. He might have been chief director !

I touched on the delicate problem of wages and profits.

" The boys at the top," he exclaimed spontaneously, " work long and hard. They deserve every cent they get. They are swells to men who will co-operate with them, and do their best."

I gathered that a good workman, helped by overtime, could earn, without undue strain, 100 dollars (£35) a week. Then if he had a sound idea for improving the quality of the goods or speeding up production he received money or promotion or both.

His theme song was production. He was not a capitalist, but a workman happy in his lot, and satisfied with the conditions of service.

The next day was Monday and I joined the Rotarians for lunch. I like the Rotary Club motto : " Service above Self." It has a touch of altruism, and it suggests it is a good thing to hitch your wagon to a star.

I looked closely at the company of well-dressed professional and commercial men. They were a chosen section of Niagara's most honoured citizens. They were business magnates. It was impossible not to like and admire them when they assembled in this friendly fashion, demonstrating their belief in fellowship.

One of them approached me, and without prompting said, " I am a manager at the Du Pont works here. It occurs to me that you and your wife might like to look at them. Shall we fix a date ? "

We did, there and then.

When my wife and I arrived at the huge establishment, we were received like royal guests. We only had to ask for information, and it was courteously supplied. A pamphlet was put in my hands, and I read : " A corporation is many things—it is a people ; it is steel and stone and mortar ; it is tools and machines and equipment. But more than that, it is Spirit, it is Venture, it is Faith . . . These are the magic ingredients which have nurtured and husbanded the industrial strength of America."

I read on to discover that Du Pont's began in a small way in 1802,

making black powder, but is now manufacturing 1,200 products. These include rayon, plastics, nylons, cellophane, military explosives, and material for atom bombs.

At this point my Rotarian friend appeared. He introduced Mr. Frank G. Walton, Mechanical Craft Supervisor, and Mr. William G. Leedy, Senior Supervisor in Service Section. He told me that they would be our personal escort, but that we could talk with officials and employees whom we might meet on a tour that would take some hours. My wife smiled happily. I knew she wanted to hear all she could about the marvellous garments Du Pont's manufactured for women. I whispered to myself, " Now I shall see Big Business in action, and test the truth (or otherwise) of Du Pont's printed declaration : " Efficiency and operating economy, high-lighted here, are typical of the company, which now has its label on some 1,200 product lines. To effect this efficiency, the company depends in large measure on the understanding and co-operation of its operating people. For the top secret of Du Pont's successful operation is to be found in the blending of an advanced technology and a warm human relationship among its employees, resulting in more and better goods at lower prices."

This was decidedly reminiscent of the talks I have recorded already with first a capitalist and then an artisan. It quickened my perceptions for what was to follow.

We started with refreshments in the cafeteria, where employees were served with an admirable luncheon at less than cost price. At the table I heard that Du Pont's employ 75,000 men and women, and that about 75 per cent travel to and from work in their own cars. There are 100,000 shareholders.

Mr. Walton, a son of the British Empire, as he put it, asked me whether I knew where Billingham was because Du Pont's were closely associated with the Imperial Chemical Industries there. I told him that Billingham was in the County of Durham, and so near to Easington Village that some of the officials lived in my parish and attended my church.

The inner man fortified, I was given a helmet to wear, and a gas mask, which was to be put on immediately at a warning signal that chemical fumes were poisoning the air. As we crossed a road to enter another part of the works I heard the click of a camera. " I've got you all," said the grinning photographer. " The pictures will be ready when your trip is completed."

The first thing I noticed was the elaborate precautions taken to safeguard the workmen. Mr. Walton pointed out two significant printed notices. One read " Safety Pays Always," and the other " Work Safely To-day ; Be Here To-morrow."

" Do you like them ? " he asked. When I nodded, he exclaimed jubilantly, " I thought of them. I was kept awake two nights in succession trying to evolve something short and snappy, and then they came in a sudden flash of inspiration."

He and the senior supervisor in service section tempered their wind of knowledge to the shorn lamb of my mechanical ignorance. They used simple terms, and visible demonstration, to explain how the alchemy of modern science turns raw material into finished articles for the industrial markets of the world. I saw, for instance, how salt, by steady stages and processes, is transformed into sodium cyanide or peroxide of sodium. I now regard salt with a friendly eye when I put it on my plate. But for the kind hand of fate, it might have become an unpalatable fluid for the palate, through the machinations of a Du Pont's factory. When our long and engrossing tour was ended we took leave of our courteous companions.

In the manager's office we were given the photographs that had been taken earlier. The editor of the works' magazine was waiting for me. We exchanged understanding glances—I have a weakness for the Gentlemen of the Press—and then came the inevitable, " Sorry to worry you, but it would be interesting to learn your reactions."

" I will put something on paper," I said, " so that I shall be sure I am conveying a correct impression."

I wrote : " My two chief guides, pleasant and efficient, taught me more than they guessed. I left them with an enhanced respect for the careful planning in modern American industry, of which I take it the Du Pont company is a conspicuous example, and of the ingenious co-ordination of a multiplicity of departmental processes. I talked freely with men at the top as well as with their subordinates serving as technicians. I became increasingly aware that the pursuit of the Almighty Dollar is subject to the laws of humanity, and that Big Business may pay dividends of greater value than the financial profits its skill and research so richly merit."

Perhaps that sounds stilted or sheer journalese, or pious prating or—as an American might say—just phoney. If it is, then the good Rotarian manager administered a Parthian thrust.

" You promised," he said, " that you would tell me who you

think has the best workmen—Great Britain or America. Have you now formed an opinion ?"

" I have done so," I said. I fear there was a note of triumph in my tone. " I give the palm to my own country. I talked with eight leaders of departments. Two were English, two were Scotsmen, one was obviously Welsh, and another was from Northern Ireland. And, of course, Mr. Walton himself came to you from Canada."

Back came the flashing reply," You have seen, sir, how we turn raw material into the finished product. So it is with our men. You send to us recruits from any part of your Commonwealth, and we shape them into the expert and practical leaders of industry you have seen with your eyes, and with whom you have talked this afternoon."

On my return to the rectory, I turned over the pages of an illustrated magazine issued by Du Pont's. A picture held my attention. It showed a man and his wife and two children standing at the door of a church. A descriptive note read : " A church family worships . . . a high percentage of Du Pont men and women are churchgoers."

I was struck by the number of men and women engaged in Big Business who were active in church work or in the cause of charity. Their support and financial contributions were of incalculable value.

A prominent citizen of Niagara took me to Chautauqua, a town beside a beautiful lake and in attractive surroundings. It is given over to general culture. There are social and sports activities. Serious students take courses in drama, literature, music—and religion.

I listened to lectures by famous authors and scholars. At a religious service which I attended, Pastor Neumoller was the preacher. He did not suggest an ecclesiastical swashbuckler nor the truculent naval officer associated with the First World War. He spoke quietly, but seemed to be charged with moral dynamic. He referred to his own privations and physical and mental agonies. " It is through personal suffering," he said, " that a man learns the secret of the Cross. It is this understanding which liberates the soul, and infuses life with meaning and reality."

I met him for a short time after the meeting. Later, two or three Americans stopped me to congratulate me on my " fine and inspiring address." When they realized they had mistaken my identity, we all laughed merrily, and sat down to eat together in Chautauqua's most exclusive hotel.

One of them handed me a brochure. I read: "Religion has always been important since Chautauqua began its work nearly eighty years ago . . . A Ministers' Club, open to visiting ministers of any faith, meets once a week in the Hall of Missions. Its objectives are acquaintance, fellowship and co-operation . . . Religion at Chautauqua is tolerant, friendly and forward looking."

Described as "A Centre of Creative Activity," this pleasant town is run on sound business lines by a capable administration. Charges are reasonable because profits are used chiefly for the improvement of programmes and to increase amenities. And so in a modern Utopia religion was given its proper place, encouraged and strengthened.

This experience quickened my interest in Washington, D.C., during a brief stay there. Free from large industrial works, it is occupied in the Business of Government. Tradesmen, professional men, and an army of civil servants are the principal workers in the community. At their leisure, they enjoy the manifold attractions of the large, beautiful, well-planned Capital, with buildings and streets of notable design, and of unending historical interest.

In the House of Representatives, I watched Congress in session. Little heed was paid to speakers. Visitors walked in and out of the chamber in a continuous flow. There was hardly a stir when an excited politician demanded the use of atom bombs in Korea. I had to be reminded that the real business of Congress is done by committees. Close touch is kept with the President, whose own power depends largely on the majority he commands in the legislature.

In the Senate there was more decorum. Grave senators, learned and eloquent, spoke at length, and had the ear of the assembly. I was permitted, through the good offices of an American lawyer who sat beside me in the gallery, to take lunch in a restaurant set aside for members and officials. At the tables statesmen relaxed. I received from one of them a card, which read:

United States Senate Chamber
Washington, D.C., July 13, 1950
Admit
The Rev. James Duncan
To the reserved gallery
For 81st Congress
Paul H. Douglas, *U.S. Senator.*

It interested me when a chaplain rose, and opened the assembly

with prayer. I looked at a silver dollar in my possession, the gift of a Canadian to mark the occasion when I took a service for members of the British and American Legions. On the coin I noticed the inscription : " IN GOD WE TRUST."

And once more I observed the golden thread of idealism running through Big Business in the United States.

It was spun by the first President, George Washington, whose monument I looked at with reverence, before I made a vain endeavour to get into the White House. As it was undergoing extensive repairs, I was directed to the modest house in which Mr. Truman was in temporary residence. It was guarded by stalwart fellows, one of whom facetiously asked whether I was paying a complimentary call on behalf of Britain.

" Well, I did think I might drop in for lunch," I said.

He laughed, and then advised me to make straight for the Department of Justice, and take an F.B.I. tour. I went there and saw how G-men fight crime in America. It was a corrective to any hasty generalization that religion and idealism can be, under present conditions, anything more than the leaven fermenting in the soul of a nation.

I saw the death mask of the gangster John Dillinger, and the weapons that brought him low. The whole thing was rather like the chamber of horrors at Madame Tussaud's, but it showed me that the G-men, who were so tall, and so easy, and so courteous, and so strong in will and body, were making it increasingly difficult for the Big Business men and women of Crime to obtain a dishonest living.

Not far away I found Washington Cathedral, there to have my faith in mankind restored. The foundation stone was laid in 1907. This magnificent edifice, of Gothic and Norman design, is not yet complete. Derived from English models, it makes immediate appeal to a British visitor. It will rank among the largest and most beautiful cathedrals in Christendom. The present Dean is the Rev. Frank B. Sayre, a grandson of President Woodrow Wilson, whose body is buried in one of the chapels.

My Washington visit was rounded off with a view of the Lincoln Memorial. This striking statue, by Daniel Chester French, is as dominating as the President himself was in his lifetime. It dwarfs people and surroundings. It creates an atmosphere of awe.

It also quickened my recollection about the man who, by his wisdom, integrity, and determination, passed from a log cabin to

the White House. I thought of him as the immature youth who wrote :

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good
God knows when.

I saw Ford's theatre where, at the height of his success, on 18th April, 1865, he was slain by an assassin as he sat in a box with his family.

I also reflected that Lincoln disliked unbusiness-like ways. To prove this, I read again his ironic and famous letter to the inefficient General McClellan : " If General McClellan has no immediate use for the army, the President would like to borrow it for a time."

On Lincoln's monument, the Gettysburg speech—unsurpassed perhaps in any age or language—is graven on the south wall. On the north wall, for all to read, is the immortal Second Inaugural address. I scanned the peroration : " With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

With the spirit of Abraham Lincoln inflaming its soul, America will preserve its honour and keep in its own safe hands the Democracy of the President who said : " We here highly resolve . . . that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Chapter XII

CHURCH FINANCE IN AMERICA

It is not the weight of jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of silk or fur ;
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,
As the gifts of the Wise Ones were,
And we are not told whose gift was gold,
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.

Edmund Vance Cook.

In my first curacy I soon found that the churchwardens could calculate the amount of the collection, almost to a sixpence, by a glance at the congregation. They told me how they did it. They knew the seating capacity of the church, and so gauged the number of persons present. They knew that the majority put neither more nor less than a penny in the plate. A select minority—how we looked for them and how grateful we were to them !—invariably gave silver and sometimes even golden sovereigns. And so, by a simple reckoning, the wardens reached their total figures.

A penny was then recognized as the average weekly offering of the once-a-Sunday church member. This knowledge occasionally roused a popular and lovable bishop to lean over the pulpit and declaim words of his own composition :

" He dropped a penny in the plate,
Then meekly raised his eyes,
Another week's rent was duly paid
For mansions in the skies."

A story was also current of a disgruntled churchman who took his little son with him to church on a fine summer morning. When he returned home he was full of his usual complaints. Nothing was right ; everything was wrong. He declared that the hymns were ill-chosen and badly sung by an untrained choir under an incompetent organist. He had never in the course of his life, he said, listened, or rather tried to listen, to a sermon so dull and platitudinous, while the prayer-books (provided free) were battered and torn, and the

church itself was unventilated and stifling in the heat of a strong sun.

" But, daddy, dear," exclaimed the boy, " what more could you expect for a penny ? "

Clerics delighted to tell the tale among themselves of a well-known London priest, famous for his work in a slum parish. He accepted an invitation to preach at a fashionable West-End church on behalf of a deserving charity. His plea was eloquent and moving. But the collection was disappointing, falling far below expectations.

The good pastor returned to the pulpit on the following Sunday morning. After giving out his text, he leisurely scanned the well-dressed people in the pews. Then he delivered his soul. " When, last week," he said, " I stood here before you, I whispered to myself, ' Where are the poor ? ' Later, on being told the amount of the offertory, I could not refrain from asking myself, ' Where were the rich ? ' "

In these years of economic stress, with the Church of England hard hit financially, despite its ancient endowments, churchmen are becoming increasingly conscious of their responsibilities. Alms-giving has improved. The average offering is sixpence although the threepenny-piece and the penny are still not yet conspicuous by their absence.

They do these things better in the Episcopal Church in America. Members there know they must rely upon their own efforts and not on pious benefactors of a distant past. They find the stipend for their own priest, provide him with a house, and voluntarily give him anything from five to fifty dollars for his ministrations at a baptism or a wedding or a funeral. In addition, they raise the money needed for the maintenance of a church, and for its manifold religious and social activities.

On her way for a six-months' holiday in Britain, an American lady called to see me. Her brother is the incumbent of a church in Canada. She is an ardent Episcopalian, and a keen worker.

Our talk turned on church finance and the problem of raising sufficient money every year to keep the ecclesiastical machinery in smooth running order.

" We all have our difficulties," she said. " Anglicans in England are now the victims of their own tradition. They have relied upon old endowments, and many of them still think that clergymen of the Established Church are paid by the State. I notice they have to readjust their ideas when they settle in Canada or America."

The reflection seemed to amuse her. I saw the smile in her eyes.

She went on : " Out here, of course, we are well aware we must pay for our religious privileges if we claim them. That is true of all denominations. I am told that if I put a five-dollar bill in a collection plate in England, the churchwardens will want to kiss me, and that the parson, on catching sight of it, will invite the choir and congregation to join in the singing of a special Te Deum. Is this true ? "

" Try it and see," I suggested.

Then, in a natural manner, she revealed that she made it a rule of life to give a substantial sum every week to her parish church. " It's an obvious duty, of course," she commented.

" What will happen when you are away for the next six months ? "

" I reckon that whether I am at the services or not, the church will go on, and its expenses will not become less through my absence. And so I have already sent a quarter's contribution to the treasurer. On my return home I will settle all arrears, and then start afresh with a clean sheet."

" I hope," I remarked, " that you will do some missionary work when you get to the Old Country. Not long ago a friend of mine, of professional standing and with an income of about £2,000 a year, told me that he thought he did his duty nobly when he dropped a shilling into the alms bag at his church."

" I hardly blame him," my visitor said, " for he has probably never been trained to give. That is why, perhaps, he is only lukewarm. You believe, as I do, that we value the things for which we have to pay, and that goes for religion. I love my church : it gives me something I really need and want. And now when I send along my donations I feel I have a personal stake in it. I'm a bit of it, and it does me good to know it."

Following this illuminating conversation, I went as the guest-speaker to a meeting of Episcopalians in an industrial area of Niagara. There was no rich citizen present. The rector and his people must rely on their own efforts, with occasional help from outside the parish.

The gathering was marked by conviviality. Everybody talked to everybody else over coffee, sandwiches, cakes, and cigarettes. Then the whole assembly was silent when the parson rose, with glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, to speak.

" I have good news for you," he said. " You all know that some months ago we were given the option to buy a large house and grounds adjacent to our church. We felt the house could be converted into an admirable hall for social events. But the price seemed

to be prohibitive. We asked for time to see what we could do. Our hopes rose and fell. This morning we were called upon, finally, for our decision."

My neighbours leaned forward expectantly. A woman beside me coughed nervously. The rector beamed through his spectacles. "I have already signed the necessary documents," he exclaimed joyfully. "The house and land are now ours, and after this meeting we shall go in a body to look at them."

The applause and cheering continued for a long time. When the tumult and the shouting ceased, the incumbent mentioned by name some of the stalwarts who had been prominent throughout a vigorous campaign to raise the money. As each stood up he (or she) was warmly greeted and thanked.

Prominent among them was a winsome schoolgirl. She blushed and hid her face in her hands when she received a thunderous ovation. An enthusiast of the scheme from the start, she promised to save five dollars for the fund. She did so, and handed them over to the treasurer. Then came her birthday, and a present of ten dollars from her grandmother. These, too, she gave for the purchase of house and land and went on to beg for further donations from grown-up friends and relations.

The excitement was at its height when a messenger arrived with a letter of congratulation from Canon and Mrs. Mosher. They also sent, to stress their practical sympathy, a large and much-appreciated cheque.

Next came a telegram from Bishop Scaife himself, offering his felicitations, thanks, and episcopal blessing. This spurred people, who were present, to proffer both subscriptions and services to convert the newly-acquired premises into a parish hall suitable for social purposes.

The next morning I told the story of this pleasant episode to Miss Marjorie Thompson, an expert on parochial and diocesan finance.

"I am interested," I said, "in your financial methods. How did these good folk succeed in obtaining the money for their new hall?"

"By careful planning and organization. It was a business proposition, and so had to be met in practical fashion. The rector gave the lead, but he was backed by the vestrymen, communicants, and the bishop himself. Dr. Scaife is in touch with every parish in the diocese of Western New York, and has an able assistant in his archdeacon, the Venerable Samuel Baxter. These two men know pretty well everything that is happening, and are quick to help. The people, of

course, were keen also. The religious motive was the spur ; the urgent need for a place for week-day activities quickened action."

From Miss Thompson and others I gleaned details of the successful endeavour of members of the Church of the Redeemer to build a new church in a period of months. They had to abandon an old building in which they had held services, and at once purchased a site in an ideal position in a residential part of Niagara. Until the erection of their own church, they worshipped at St. Peter's, thus retaining their priest, the Rev. Charles Rowe. A man of faith, courage and enterprise, Mr. Rowe kept the members together, and by a strong corporate effort sufficient money was raised to place a contract for the erection of a plain but sound edifice.

I was present at the laying of the foundation stones, some of which I myself placed in position. Five months later, the Church of the Redeemer was consecrated by Bishop Scaife, who instituted Mr. Rowe as Rector. On the first Easter Day there were more than 200 communicants, while the offertories exceeded 500 dollars. Fred Brown, a prime mover in the planning of church and parish, led a band of enthusiastic men and women in the decoration and furnishing of the building. By their voluntary labour they saved 600 dollars in professional charges. Fred makes another connecting link with the Church of the Redeemer and his home church, St. Mary the Virgin, Easington.

I found that financial experts draw up the annual budget at St. Peter's Church. For 1951 they estimated the expenditure at 32,410 dollars. In a printed appeal they wrote :

" To reach our goal we must receive 25,000 dollars in pledges. Please consider giving 2 per cent of your yearly income or one hour's wages or income from each week's labour. Our bishop recommends this as the way whereby we can enable the whole Church to do its full share. Also please remember that what you give to your church is fully deductible for all State and Federal income taxes."

I observed that concern was expressed for adequate remuneration for living agents. " First, we ask the entire congregation to note," declared the finance committee of the vestry, " we have done almost nothing to adjust the salaries of those who have served us both lovingly and well for years. At least token increases should be accorded them to meet the marked increased cost of living. We are sure you will agree with this proposal !

" To accumulate funds, we must bring more people into our pews, and into our working organizations—into our real, factual and actual

congregation . . . We want to take immediately two forward steps to enable us to do this : we want to engage a full-time assistant-rector and to have our parish secretary working on a full-time basis. Together with our rector they will be able to bring the Christian Gospel closer to the many who are border-line to the present active and supporting families . . . Our project thus compares with those of recent years : 1951—$32,410 ; 1950—$30,000 ; and 1949—$27,665 . . . To raise these funds will require again and again that we give freely, openly, and with love to this, our St. Peter's Church."

These Episcopalians are realists. They regard the raising of money for religious, educational, missionary and social purposes as both duty and necessity. They maintain that church finance must be in the hands of laymen versed in business methods and able to make statements with clarity and accuracy. One of them did not hesitate to write : " The churchman who knocks at your door and seeks your financial aid, comes to you as no apologetic beggar with hat in hand. He comes with a commanding challenge : ' What think ye of Christ ? '

" He comes to you as a worker in the vineyard of your parish asking in His Holy Name for your sacrificial offering for your part in His work in your parish, the diocese, the nation, and the world. Receive him thoughtfully, joyously, *generously*. For like God's Messenger of old, he too proclaims : ' One comes after me.' "

Recently, every member of the Episcopal Church in America received a pamphlet in which it was stated boldly :

THE CHURCH HAS A PROGRAMME !
THE DIOCESE HAS A PROGRAMME !

THE CHURCH HAS AN ORGANIZATION !
THE DIOCESE HAS AN ORGANIZATION !

B U T — it all bogs down unless Y O U are willing to put wheels underneath it all.

Silver Dollars are wheels.

THE CHURCH BUILDS CHRISTIAN COMMUNITIES.

Like every other parish in the American Church, St. Peter's took

part in the annual Every Member Canvass. The rector and his vestrymen thus launched the 1951 appeal :

EVERY MEMBER CANVASS—21st November to 3rd December. Congregational meeting, Tuesday, 21st November, at 8 p.m., in the Ballroom of Hotel Niagara.

We look forward to seeing you there !!!

Dean Hammond also used three marks of exclamation at the head of his pastoral message :

YOUR RECTOR URGENTLY APPEALS TO YOU ! ! !

This is it ! We have reached a very important period in the history of mankind. Is the Church to rise to meet this crucial situation ? The answer depends upon each one of us. Are we to make the Church of God the Divine Institution intended by its Founder, Jesus Christ, working to uplift us in Mind, Body and Spirit, or are we to allow to prevail against us the evil forces of Anti-Christ and of Godlessness—Communism, Atheism, Humanism and Secularism ?

We must rally behind the righteous forces and overcome evil with good. And so we must have larger and more devout congregations worshipping regularly in our places of prayer. It requires also more people working in the organizations of the Church.

This necessitates much greater giving of the material substance that each of us has got. It demands that each of us should give actually in accordance to our ability to give.

Let us give on the basis of what each can do and not on the basis of what another may do. And let us get under the load of human misery, and with united effort seek to lift it from the shoulders of mankind.

Unlike the deaf adder, the people of St. Peter's parish do not stop their ears. They respond valiantly to every reasonable call for money and service. Whilst I was serving them, they planned a bazaar for the fall (autumn). I watched them curiously. They first enlisted the services of scores of workers. These were largely drawn from such parochial bodies as the Vestry and Auxiliary Vestry, Trustees of the Endowment Fund, Chancel Chapter, Women's Auxiliary, St. Peter's Guild, Philip Wheeler Mosher Guild of the Women's Auxiliary, House Committee, St. Peter's Choir, Church School Choir, Acolytes' Guild, Church School, Usher's Committee, Young People's Fellowship, and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Baby-sitters were provided. A printed notice said : " Baby-

sitters are available. Don't stay home because of babies. Call our Baby-Sitter Chairman, Mrs. William Sheltmire—telephone 3-3174."

The organizers asked their rector to send a special bazaar message. He wrote : " We have reasons, many of them, to be proud of our church . . . We must make our church beautiful, both inside and out, and so we need your utmost support in our Bazaar. And to do what our Bishop and Diocese, as well as the Presiding Bishop and the whole Church, rightfully expect of us, we must work harder than ever before.

" So, let us co-operate and work together happily in building closer friendships, and thus make the Bazaar a pleasurable event for our Parish and Community ; and the means of enabling us to do increasing good for God and our fellow men."

By judicious publicity, general interest was aroused, and goods and donations came from friends outside the parish. Something like seventy business firms advertised their wares in the bazaar booklet, and other firms gave free service.

The sum subsequently obtained was £1,700. Immediate preparations were then and there made for another bazaar twelve months later.

I said to a St. Peter's church member, familiar with Great Britain and our currency, " You ask your people for approximately £11,000 a year, and I understand that this is your minimum demand. Do you know of any other Episcopal Church which ventures to ask for so large an annual sum ? "

" Well, what do we know ? " he drawled. " Look, brother. I was in Florida some time ago. I went to a church there on Sunday. It was filled with really wealthy folk. Gee ! You should have seen their automobiles. They have an able and popular rector, selected by themselves. They pay him 6,000 dollars a year, and are lavish in their gifts at baptisms, funerals, and weddings. Now let me try to recollect how much he asked them to give for the Every Member Canvass Appeal."

He closed his eyes. When he opened them he said to me, " How much do you think it was ? "

" My guess is 30,000 dollars," I replied.

" Wrong. It was nearly twice as much. He got every cent of it. Now read this note in his church leaflet."

This is what I read : " It is hoped that the Easter offerings will be 5,000 dollars, exclusive of pledges. This money will be used towards the expansion of the Episcopal Church in our area."

He directed my attention to an Every Member Canvass publication. I studied it at home. It provided me with more amazing facts and figures. It forced me to the conclusion that the Episcopal Church in America is also engaged in Big Business.

I saw that the total budget for the Diocese of Western New York for 1951 was $154,764. Items enumerated were :

Episcopate	$ 8,775
Diocesan Expenses	$28,225
Apportionment Budget (Diocese)	$45,100
" One World in Christ " ..	$72,664

The last-mentioned figures indicate the missionary zeal of the Anglican Communion in the States. " It was a divine command," I read, " when our Lord said, ' Go ye into all the world.' And so, the Church carries its missionary work to all continents, not waiting until all people at home are Christians. The world is large and we are few, but in all missionary areas we have exercised our influence far, far greater than our numerical strength. Through the continuation of this influence, which can be strengthened by your generous sharing in the Every Member Canvass, the Church can bring a Christian way of life to many millions."

I turned next to a section headed " The General Church Budget." Huge sums were asked for Christian education, missionary work at home and abroad, social relations, laymen's work, women's auxiliary, training centres and other agencies, and promotion.

" Promotion " is, I gathered, a euphemism for publicity. It costs every year about 351,855 dollars. It is thus explained : " Promotion through the Church's magazines, *Forth*, *Churchways* ; news releases, radio, speakers' bureau, and promotional aids, and through field men is the Good News told."

Costs for administration are given as $467,136. The General Church Total Budget Estimate for 1951 was $5,634,454.

Commending the appeal, an anonymous author wrote : " A Christian child in a Christian home begins a chain reaction more powerful than that of the dreaded hydrogen bomb. One is a negative admission of our inability to build a permanent world peace through diplomacy, negotiation, or any other method known to the secular world. The other is a positive beginning of the use of the only force which can eventually defeat the armies of hate, aggression and world destruction.

" It is the power of Jesus Christ as we spread His teachings and His

way of life throughout the world . . . Before we can build a Christian nation, we must build Christian communities. Christian communities consist of Christian men, women and children in Christian families in Christian homes. That makes the building of a Christian world your personal responsibility. You have an opportunity to discharge that responsibility, in part, through the Every Member Canvass."

I was able to discuss Church Finance with an American friend of long standing. There was mutual confidence, and we spoke freely. He is no longer in the flesh. But his name, familiar in Europe as well as in America, will not soon be forgotten. A keen member of the Episcopal Church in the States, he was sometimes critical of its methods, but he never wavered in his allegiance to it, nor in his faith in the Christian revelation.

" Church people," he said to me, " ought to see that the man they invite to minister to them in spiritual matters is free from financial stress. His stipend must be adequate and permit him to provide properly for his wife and family, and enable them all to enjoy some of the amenities of life."

" What about your own rector ? " I asked.

" I guess he does not complain. He lives in a beautiful house standing in its own grounds, and he proposes to send his two boys to Harvard or Oxford. We all like him, and his wardens and vestrymen relieve him of most of the church business."

" Lucky fellow," I murmured.

" He is, and I think he knows it. We encourage him to tell us what he needs to keep the church in good repair or to improve it, and to put all his cards straight on the table. Not long ago, he had dinner with me, and told me he wanted 20,000 dollars for interior decorations for the church. I liked his ideas, and I asked him to let me have the plans, designs, and costs as soon as he could."

" What happened then ? "

" I called on some of my wealthy neighbours. I promised 5,000 dollars if they would give the rest among them. Within a week we had all the money we required. There wasn't much virtue in the giving. We were only paying back to the Good Lord a bit of the debt we owed to Him."

He was as modest as he was generous. He, and others like him in the Church in Britain and America, are the salt of the earth. They agree with the dictum of Ralph Waldo Emmerson : " Religious worship is the most important single function of the life of any people."

Chapter XIII

CHURCH OF THE RECONCILIATION

The thatch on the roof was as golden,
Though dusty the straw was and old,
The wind had a peal as of trumpets,
Though blowing and barren and cold,
The mother's hair was a glory
Though loosened and torn,
For under the eaves in the gloaming
A child was born.

And, thou, thou art still in thy cradle,
The sun being crown for thy brow,
Make answer, our flesh, make an answer,
Say, whence art thou come—who art thou ?
Art thou come back on earth for our teaching
To train or to warn ?
Hush—how may we know ?—knowing only
A child is born.

G. K. Chesterton.

Chesterton's familiar poem, *The Nativity*, came to my mind when I looked at the Peace Cross which towers triumphantly over the picturesque Potomac River. In the capital of the world's richest and strongest nation, it is a reminder that Christ rules as Universal King.

A Celtic cross of stone, it stands between the Little Sanctuary and St. Alban's Church, being erected on 23rd October, 1898, to mark with the sign of the Cross a site for the now imposing Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. It also commemorates the first meeting of the General Convention in Washington, and the end of the war between the United States and Spain.

The sacred monogram I.H.S. is inscribed on the face of the Cross, along with the Diocesan coat of arms and the motto : Scriptura, Symbolium, Mysterium, Ordo, the basis of church unity. The text on the pedestal is "Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner Stone."

Washington Cathedral, so beautiful in conception, so instinct with worship, and so definite in purpose shows the Anglican Communion at its finest and best. Christ is clearly Lord of all. Measured by supreme allegiance to Him, lesser loyalties become insignificant.

An average of 3,000 persons enter the Cathedral every week. For them it is more than a sight-seeing tour. They are taken on a sacred pilgrimage by voluntary women guides whose knowledge is matched by their devotion. A clergyman is always in attendance for consultation on spiritual matters or to give advice. There is a daily celebration of Holy Communion, with intercessions at noon, and evening prayer at 4 p.m.

These visitors are drawn from all the States in America. " There are," I was told, " country people and city people and suburban people, uplanders and lowlanders, Yankees, Southerners and Westerners, well-to-do people and white-collar people and labouring people, white-skinned people and yellow-skinned people. In a special sense they find a House of Prayer for *all* people."

The Cathedral is fortunate in its fourth bishop. An informed clergyman said to me, " Time was when we chose our bishops because of their scholarship and saintliness. Now we must have men with business gifts of administration and organization and able to get money and to talk to any group of people on any occasion."

The Right Rev. Angus Dun, D.D., S.T.D., I gathered, combines scholarship, goodness and worldly wisdom in an attractive personality. He has his seat in the Cathedral, and a stall has been set aside in the Great Choir for the Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church. The Book of Common Prayer regulates the worship, but Dr. Dun refuses to be circumscribed by it. Occasionally there are services of an interdenominational character, when non-Episcopalian preachers occupy the pulpit to stress the essential unity in Christ among His followers, and to bear their own witness to Christian principles.

" We want this Cathedral," declared the bishop, " to be for very many an outward and visible sign that America knows that Peter and Paul and Augustine and Francis of Assisi and Wesley and John Bunyan and Phillip Brooks are part of our history, and that above all towers the Christ as Lord of all. For it is clear that, though the Cathedral has a national character, fundamentally and primarily it proclaims the religion of Jesus Christ, who came to this earth to save not just Americans, but all mankind. Being Christian, the Cathedral tries to strengthen in the people of this land every impulse which makes international harmony and unity.

" What the Gospel seeks to Christianize is not any one nation, but the earth-wide family which God has created. The Cross is higher than any flag, and no nation can ever realize its fullest and finest potentialities until its citizens dedicate both their individual lives and their national strength to the God who stands above all nations."

I found emphasis given to the bishop's eloquent words when I looked at a Cathedral publication. On the first inside page I saw a coloured picture with the caption :

> " The Capitol and the Cathedral—symbols of Free State and Free Church. May the one bear witness to us and to all future generations of the pricelessness of the heritage which the Fathers of the Republic have bequeathed to us, and may the other be in perpetuity a solemn reminder that the Republic can endure so long only as underneath it are the Everlasting Arms.
>
> —George Wharton Pepper, *Esquire*.
>
> Former United States Senator from Pennsylvania."

It is pleasant to record that His Majesty, King George VI, is to present a silver cross and two silver candlesticks, made by skilled craftsmen in England, to the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, Washington.

The King's gift will be acclaimed both by members of the Episcopal Church and by those citizens whose religious allegiance is given elsewhere. Dr. W. L. Sperry in his book, *Religion in America*, points out that more than half the population profess formal voluntary membership in a religious body. In recent years there has been a marked increase in numbers. Shrewd observers believe that a religious revival is on the way.

It is significant that at a convention at Cleveland, Ohio, on 29th November, 1950, twenty-nine of the great religious communities of the United States, including four Eastern Orthodox Churches, the Episcopal Church, and twenty-four Protestant Churches, set up a new National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States.

This new agency for inter-Church co-operation not only brings together eight inter-denominational agencies concerned with home and overseas missions, education and kindred objects, but is being supported by some Churches which have hitherto stood apart from such co-operation. Mr. Acheson, the Secretary of State, and Sir Oliver Franks, the British Ambassador, addressed the convention.

Such an organization is bound to make considerable impact upon the spiritual, social and economic life of the nation. The members are likely to lead a campaign against the vice and crime which recent investigations have brought to light, and which have so profoundly shocked the public. In any formidable forward movement, the Episcopal Church will be in the vanguard. It holds a unique position; its prestige is great; its influence is felt in large cities and small towns; and it is honoured and trusted because of its historic past.

The Episcopal Church started at Jamestown in 1607 when the Reverend Robert Hunt celebrated Holy Communion for the first permanent English settlers, using the Prayer Book of the Church of England. In the early years of colonization, men and women poured into the New World to seek home and fortune. By the beginning of the eighteenth century they numbered 250,000, most of them untouched by the Church. And so, in 1702, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent out two missionaries from Britain. They landed in Boston to minister to people "spoiled with blasphemy, atheism and immorality."

On their heels went a teacher for the Negroes in New York. A large-hearted man, the Rev. E. Taylor, faced many difficulties with faith and courage. He sowed good seed, but saw little of the harvesting. In 1718 he wrote: "As I am a minister of Christ, and of the Church of England, and a missionary of the most Christian Society in the world, I think it my indispensable and special duty to do all that in me lies to promote the conversion and salvation of the poor heathen here, and more especially of the Negro and Indian slaves."

The infant Church got rooted. It grew, expanded and became increasingly powerful. Before the Revolution, the S.P.G. had sent 358 Anglican missionaries to the States. It was obvious to them that bishops in America were needed to consolidate and facilitate the work of evangelization. But the authorities in England would not listen to the urgent appeals made to them. The position, however, changed dramatically when the New World won the war for independence and chose George Washington as the first president of the Republic.

Like the State, the Church determined to be free. Dr. Samuel Seabury took the initiative. Backed by the clergy of Connecticut, he successfully sought consecration at the hands of bishops in the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

Four years later the General Convention of the American Church

made formal requests for more prelates, and the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated two bishops for the States.

This made ecclesiastical history. It brought into existence the first independent and autonomous Church of the Anglican Communion. It was a statesmanlike policy, since the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London could no longer be maintained in a new thriving country intent on self-government in both political and ecclesiastical spheres.

Inspired by faith in its divine mission, and driven by imperative urge, this first overseas child of the Church of England mastered its difficulties, and rose to its present strength and stability. The Episcopal Church has now eighty-four dioceses and 125 diocesan bishops. It visualizes the Anglican Communion as a World Church, and sends missionaries to the Caribbean, the Pacific, Africa, China and Japan.

The American Prayer Book is based on the Church of England Book of 1662, but it has been enriched, brought up to date, and made more flexible to meet the practical and spiritual needs of its members in the States. The Communion office is derived from the incomparable liturgy of the Scottish Prayer Book.

The Anglican Communion, with the Mother Church in Great Britain, and the daughter churches overseas, is united on essentials. It permits a large measure of liberty on unessentials, and is wide in its charity. It is proud of its heritage. It is a supreme example of the Church at once Catholic and Reformed, holding fast to the ancient faith, and unswerving in its loyalty to Canterbury and the successors of Saint Augustine.

Some members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America—the official designation—would like to drop the word Protestant. On the other hand, the Evangelicals, strong and powerful, desire to retain it. " How do you explain that you are both Catholic and Protestant ? " I asked a keen and instructed layman.

" An Episcopalian," he replied, " is a Catholic because he holds to apostolic faith and doctrine and to the purity of the Gospel in Christ. He takes his stand on the episcopacy, creeds, sacraments, and the scriptures. He is not a Papal but an Anglican member of the Catholic Church."

" Well spoken," I exclaimed. " And now what about the term Protestant ? "

" For an Evangelical it stresses our repudiation of the supreme authority of Rome, the need of Bible vindication of doctrine, and the insistence on faith as personal loyalty and trust. And a Low

Churchman would probably add that his brand of Catholicism is democratic rather than autocratic."

He handed me a booklet with a marked passage in ink. He asked me to read it. This is what I read :

> " The stresses within the Church of England, so far as they are due to tensions between divine truths imperfectly integrated by men, are signs of truthfulness and health. They may easily be allowed to cause a confusion of voices. But it is the conviction and justification of the Church of England that Christ meant us to essay this difficult comprehension to hold together within our communion what may not be put asunder without grievous injury, and to present, as far as we may, the wholeness of the Gospel of Christ."

The excerpt was from an address by the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

" I think that Dr. Fisher is right," I commented, " when he seeks for an integration and comprehension of the various elements within the Anglican Communion."

" I also agree," said the layman.

" More recently," I went on, " the Archbishop gave it as his opinion that the Anglican Church, more than any other Church in Christendom, is respected and trusted by other Christian Churches, and looked to with affection and hope. He is in touch with all parts of our great Communion and says there is a specifically Anglican temper of heart and mind which our history has fashioned in us."

" Yes," said the layman, " Anglicanism produces a distinct type of Christian everywhere. It works out here, for we can hold out a hand to Catholics and Protestants of all schools without betrayal of fundamental principles. Indeed, you may like to know that the Episcopal Church is called The Church of the Reconciliation, and people look to it for understanding, conciliation, and fellowship."

" The Church of the Reconciliation." It sounded pleasantly in my ears. It was true, I knew, of the parish of St. Peter's, Niagara. There is a chapel in the Guild Hall, and the altar is used on Sundays by priests of the Greek Orthodox Church and also of the Armenian Church. The church itself is available to them during the week for baptisms, weddings and funerals.

With the exception of the Roman Church, all religious bodies in the city meet together for discussion and to organize united effort in

some social or civic enterprise. The ministers themselves invited me to give an address at their annual picnic, held in the grounds of an Episcopalian rectory. They brought their wives and children, and we sat down to a repast fit for prelates. The company included Unitarians and Jewish Rabbis, but not, I gathered, a representative from the sect known as The Mount Moriah Fire Baptized Holiness Church, now merged in the larger body, The Fire Baptized Holiness Church of God in the Americas.

The Rev. John Bishop, of London, who exchanged churches for six weeks with a local Methodist minister, was also present. He and I were the chief speakers. The day was warm and fine ; a river flowed peacefully by green meadows, and drew the little ones to its cooling waters. The learned divines threw aside their dignity, forgot for a time their denominational labels, and proved as merry a company as it has ever been my lot to meet. They treated the two English clerics with marked cordiality, laughed at their jokes, and even admitted that there were, contrary to general belief in America, some Britons endowed with a sense of humour.

At a later period, one of them informed me of the Church sign which read : " This is a Ch - - ch ? What is missing ? "

But the story I liked best came, I was told, from the Middle-West. It was called " Ecclesiastical Economics " and ran thus :

A tramp approached a group of churchmen and asked for money. " I'm afraid we cannot help you," said a bright young man. " But you might try that pleasant fellow standing over there by himself. He is our bishop, and is very kind and generous."

The tramp made his way confidently to the prelate. The rest watched him curiously. They saw a surprised look on the mendicant's face. Then, as the bishop talked eagerly and earnestly, he seemed to be ill at ease. Something passed from hand to hand, and the tramp turned and walked slowly away.

The bright young man asked : " Well, did you get something from our bishop ? "

The tramp pulled a long face.

" No," he replied. " I gave him half-a-dollar for his new cathedral ! "

The Rev. S. Berryhill, minister of a Presbyterian Church, lived near St. Peter's rectory. He and his wife were good neighbours, solicitous for our comfort and welfare. My telephone bell rang one night at eight o'clock.

" If you are free," said Mr. Berryhill, " will you please come along

to my house ? A couple have just called and they want to be married at once. I need you as a witness."

I hurried to the manse and was taken into the study. A young man and a girl were standing before the minister. Mrs. Berryhill and I completed the wedding company. After prayers and the mutual pledging of vows, a ring was placed on the bride's finger, and the final benediction followed. We all signed the register, and the shortest marriage ceremony I have ever known was over.

The happy couple told me they had come from another State for a holiday. They suddenly decided to get married and to spend their honeymoon in Niagara. I congratulated them and wished them luck. They walked out of the house to celebrate the occasion with a late supper ; we never saw them again.

A day or two later a member of Mr. Berryhill's church called on my wife and me. She had graciousness and intelligence. Towards the end of an interesting talk she said to me, " I am president of our women's missionary guild and we are holding our annual luncheon party. We all shall be glad if you will be present as our guest-speaker. Will you come ? "

When I thanked her for the invitation and intimated I would be really pleased to accept it, she produced a note-book and a fountain pen. " I want you now, please," she remarked, " to tell me about yourself, your career, and your background. I shall have to introduce you, and I would like to give you a good build-up."

She bravely concealed her disappointment at the unromantic details I gave to her, but I must confess she spoke with force and eloquence before I rose to my feet to speak at the luncheon festival. " She is the wife of an eminent professional man," whispered a neighbour, " and they work in close partnership."

These Presbyterians were good listeners. I soon discerned that though fond of oratorical jam they could swallow wholesome doctrine without it, and digest it too !

" I hope you liked our president's build-up," said my neighbour when I sat down.

" Indeed I did," I replied. " But do tell me : who was the fellow about whom she talked with such knowledge and fluency ? "

It was the Rev. Charles Rowe who took me to meet one of the most colourful church personalities in America. This was no Presbyterian, but a former lay brother of the Roman Catholic Church. His name was the Rev. Juan Alvarez, but known mainly as Father Juan in the Diocese of Western New York.

Born of Spanish parents, he settled in the United States and served in a monastic order under the Roman Obedience. His studies led him to seek ordination in the Episcopal Church and, after inquiry and examination, he was ordained by Bishop Scaife.

He was given immediate charge of a mission church, and it was filled with a large congregation of Spaniards and Italians, who followed him from the Roman Catholic Church. Father Juan became practically the head of the village community, with its life centred in the church. His authority was unquestioned ; he made his own laws.

When Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, their two children, my wife and I stepped out of our motor-car, Father Juan rushed to greet us. Short in stature, there was a biretta on his head, sandals on his feet, a cross on his breast, and a religious habit around his slim body. He had a beard ; his eyes were bright and smiling ; he was brisk in movement ; full of infectious fun, and easily moved to long and piercing laughter.

He kissed me on both cheeks and then talked volubly, with a foreign accent.

" Father," he said, " I am delighted to meet you. I want you to tell me about the Church of England, but first I would like you to see our beautiful church here. I have furnished it myself and we are very fond of it."

The church was striking and ornate. The vestments had been specially made and were gorgeous in design and colour, and extremely costly. There were other treasures also and the little Father exhibited them with unrestrained enthusiasm. Then he swept us all into the dining-room of an adjacent house, where dark-skinned men and women received us with great courtesy. They set before us ample supplies of food and wine and coffee and fruit, pressing us to eat and assuring us that the larders were well stocked to face any emergency. For Father Juan kept open house ; every day visitors called to see him, and to eat at his table. He would have been hurt if any guest injudiciously had offered to pay for a meal.

I still recall that the cold ham was the finest I tasted in America. When I said so to our host, he wanted me to take a whole ham away with me !

I sat beside him at the table. He preferred to talk rather than eat, and he enjoyed telling and hearing good stories. I told him of Dr. Hook, of Leeds. A Roman Catholic said to Hook, " You say that the Anglican Church is the Catholic Church in Great Britain.

Where was the Church of England before the Reformation?"

"Where were you this morning," Hook replied, "before you washed your face?"

Good Father Juan laughed heartily, fell on my neck and kissed me. In serious vein, he revealed his reasons for becoming an Episcopalian. I found that he and his followers had acted from conviction and could give clear answers to relevant questions.

Father Juan has no need to ask for money. He has so much of it apparently that he gives it away freely to guests who sit at his table. Soon after we met he took me aside and pushed a bundle of notes into my hands. Later, at lunch, when one of my tales appealed to him, he pressed more dollars upon me.

On saying good-bye, he again kissed me on both cheeks. Pouring out blessings and good wishes he waved his hand to us all until the car turned round the corner and hid us from sight.

Then the two children, unable to conceal their delight, showed some dollars that Father Juan had given to them. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, my wife and I also told of similar benefactions. Charles Rowe said to me: "You were the lucky Benjamin to-day. When the good Father takes to a guest he gives him a double portion."

To celebrate the event we stopped at the first drug store, ordered the largest ices available, and exchanged gifts.

"We all love Father Juan," said Charles Rowe. "He lives to make people happy. He is prodigal in his gifts to others, but he himself is ascetic. People look upon him as a saint, and they go to him from all parts of the States. They shower money upon him, and he likes to give it to those who would never think of asking for it but who, he feels, deserve to enjoy an unexpected pleasure."

The visit to Father Juan recalled another fragrant memory. During my first days at New York I went to the Church of the Transfiguration, known to all America as The Little Church Around The Corner.

Built in 1849, it was the first church in the country to conform to the Oxford Movement and so "reviving the full Catholic faith of the Anglican Church." A daily celebration of the Holy Communion was introduced, and it still continues. Each morning the large bell in the tower sounds at the solemn moment of consecration.

The first wedding took place in 1850. A child of the union was baptized in the church a year later. He grew up and married. His own youngest son, in 1926, led his bride to the exquisite Bride's

Altar which was built from gifts given by hundreds of women wedded in the historic edifice.

The church is full of treasures. But I was specially attracted by the Joseph Jefferson memorial window. It tells a story that has gone round the world. George Holland, an actor, died in December, 1870. His friend, and fellow artist, Joseph Jefferson, asked a clergyman in the neighbourhood to conduct a funeral service. He refused because of the then Puritan prejudice against the theatre, and all connected with it. He said, however, that there was " a little church around the corner where they did that sort of thing." Jefferson cried out, " God bless the little church around the corner."

The funeral took place there. The incident became known, and the name has stuck ever since. Actors claim the famous church as their own, and in the hall above it is the national headquarters of the Episcopal Actors' Guild.

The Little Church Around The Corner is described as " a place where prejudices are forgotten."

It is another striking example of the power and influence of the Episcopal Church in America—The Church of the Reconciliation.

Chapter XIV

CANADIAN SCENE

A Nation spoke to Nation,
A Throne sent word to a Throne :
" Daughter am I in my Mother's House
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide by my Mother's House,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

Rudyard Kipling.

On Empire Day, Leonard Dawson motored my wife and me from Niagara to Welland, there to see the famous locks that have brought it prosperity, and the home in which he now lives.

The sky was cloudless as we passed over the Rainbow Bridge—built in 1941, and a triumph of modern engineering—into Canada. I raised my hat to the Empire as we crossed the border line. Customs officers smiled, asked a few questions, and waved the car on in friendly fashion.

Queen Victoria Park was ablaze with colour. It is extensive, tended by men who are gardeners for the State, and artists by nature. They are determined to make it worthy of the honourable name it bears. The Horseshoe Falls complete the picture.

Then there were miles of fruit fields, matchless in the splendour of summer blossoms. Canada is a land rich in trees and green pastures and wide, open spaces. We noted these things, and more.

Empire Day was a general holiday. From nearly every house a Union Jack was flying, and people were demonstrating their loyalty, on all sides, to the British Crown and the Old Country. Over a theatre a flag was waving in a gentle breeze, and on the walls was a notice announcing a visit of " our one and only Gracie Fields."

I thought of Kipling's words :

> Winds of the world, give answer ! They are whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only England know—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English flag.
The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dews have kissed—
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow star in the mist,
What is the flag of England ? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth for it is there.

Leonard and Hilda Dawson had prepared a substantial meal to celebrate Empire Day, and our happy reunion so far from the white cliffs of Dover. They live in a good-sized and well-appointed house made of wood. " It has advantages," said Len. " I can move it without much trouble to another site, and the next morning the milkman will deliver our milk as usual at the front door ! "

His brother Joe is a near neighbour. He told me he had settled happily with his wife and son. Joe is a joiner, and a clever one too. He is called upon to do " exhibition pieces "—and, as he takes pride in honest work, he shares his employers' pleasure. I gathered that business methods in Ontario are similar to those prevailing in the border states of America.

Leonard Dawson holds a responsible position in a factory, and has charge and direction of 200 employees. " Any worries ? " I asked. " Sometimes," he replied. " For instance, I engaged a coloured woman the other week. I didn't know how the white girls would take it, and was a bit anxious. There was not the shadow of a protest."

" Is there much racial feeling ? "

" No. Hereabouts, and also in New York State, whites and blacks mix freely, sharing many things in common. Further south, however, prejudice dies hard, although I believe that the younger generation is becoming increasingly tolerant."

It fell to my lot to preach at the Sunday night service in Holy Trinity Church, Welland. As soon as I got into the vestry, a choirman said, " I was born in Sunderland, County Durham. Do you know where it is ? "

When he heard that I hold a season ticket for Roker Park, where the famous Wearside football club play, there was no end to his

questions about people and places and affairs in his native town.

In the congregation was a couple whom I had married in my former church, St. Hild and St. Helen, Seaham, and in the choir stalls was a boy baptized by one of my curates. I talked to numerous individuals, now living in Welland and neighbourhood, who had emigrated from the North of England.

The Rector of the parish, the Ven. A. W. Davis, Archdeacon of Lincoln and Welland, was tempted to work in England. He remained true, however, to the Canadian Church, where his enterprise and energy have brought him a large following, and episcopal commendation. He told me that May, 1950, marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of the creation of the Diocese of Niagara. He said, " Bishop Scaife and clergy from his diocese in the United States are joining with our own Bishop here and his clergy in a joint-celebration. After Holy Communion there will be a meeting, followed by luncheon in the church hall at St. Catherines. I hope you will be present."

I was. It was a memorable experience. I believe I am the only priest of the Church of England to hold a temporary licence, as an exchange minister, from the Bishop of Western New York, and thus entitled to attend such a meeting in Canada. My fellow clerics regarded the occasion as unique. They accorded me a generous welcome.

And thereby hangs a tale.

Bishop Scaife asked to be allowed to use the hall for a short consultation with his own incumbents. Permission being granted, the Canadian clergy courteously withdrew.

What was I to do ? Ought I to go with them or remain where I was ? I was, after all, actually in the British Empire. My own parish was in England. My allegiance was to Canterbury and the Crown. Yet I was enjoying the hospitality because I was in possession of a licence to officiate at St. Peter's Church, Niagara, which was under the jurisdiction of Bishop Scaife. I decided my first loyalty was to him and to the Episcopal Church in America. I therefore sat still to listen to the voice of my ecclesiastical superior, and to assert my right to join in discussion.

After the service in church, when Bishop Scaife celebrated according to the Rites of the American Prayer Book, an Archdeacon gave a pre-luncheon talk on " The Genius of the Anglican Church." It was scholarly, comprehensive, and though it followed familiar lines it sharpened attention by some shrewd hits at those within as well

as those without the boundaries of the world-wide Anglican fold.

The speaker expressed agreement with four principles enumerated thus by Bishop Walter Carey :

1. The scriptures as the warrant and test of saving truth.
2. The creeds as the pith and epitome of the faith.
3. The apostolic ministry as ruling and binding the church together.
4. The sacraments as " effectual means of grace."

In line with the Bishop, the Archdeacon declared, " These principles are Scriptural, Primitive and Anglican."

And, happily and in unison, so said we all.

It was left to Bishop Bagnall to do the honours. He has a light touch. He is popular with priests and people. His speech was seasoned with salt. Wisdom and wit blended, and the Irish in the primate came out in his stories.

Outstanding in church life in Canada, the Right Reverend Walter Edward Bagnall, B.A., D.D., graduated at the University of Ontario. He was ordained deacon in 1927, and priest a year later. Preferment was rapid. After a brief period as Rector of Christ's Church Cathedral, and Dean of Niagara, he was elected to the See of Niagara on 28th June, 1949, by the Synod of the Diocese of Niagara in session at Hamilton, Ontario. He was consecrated Bishop by the Most Reverend John Lyons, Archbishop and Metropolitan of Ontario. Among bishops assisting at the ceremony was the Right Reverend John Jasinski, Bishop of the Polish National Church, Buffalo, New York.

The official signature of the Bishop is Walter Niagara.

Now, not far from his Cathedral Church at Hamilton is St. Mark's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake, called in earlier days Newark, and the original capital of Upper Canada. It will always hold a cherished place in the story of the Anglican Communion.

I received an invitation to preach there at a Sunday evensong. I accepted it with alacrity. It was a wonderful experience to be linked with the first Rector, the Rev. Robert Addison. A Cambridge man, he reached Newark in 1792. The settlers numbered about 3,000. Except for a favoured few, conditions were primitive, building was slow, and transport was difficult.

But there were also men who cared for culture, civilization, and the church. One was General Butler, whose Rangers had won fame in the struggle against the Americans. Another was General Sir

Isaac Brock, commanding Fort George, destined to fall in battle, and to whose memory there is a statue at Queenston. There was also the Hon. Robert Hamilton, wise in business, tolerant in outlook, and who gave his name to the Cathedral City. These and others backed Addison in his efforts to spread the Gospel, and to build a church for regular worship. They agreed to find £100 a year as initial stipend, and glebe and house for his private property. They added persuasion to importunity. They pleaded, " There are very few Papists, and the climate is mild, rather warmer than New York."

Addison accepted the offer. He faced formidable obstacles with giant courage. Faith upheld him when hard circumstances threatened to get him down. And some notable visitors from overseas encouraged him to go on. The Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, went to his services, and so too did the Irish poet, Tom Moore.

Soldiers, and other willing helpers, brought stone from the Queenston quarries, and in 1810 St. Mark's Church was built. Worshippers assembled in God's House to ask for a blessing on their efforts for a small but progressive community.

Robert Addison grew in stature, and in favour with his people. One of them wrote : " He was universally loved and respected. He was no ritualist, no formalist, burning incense and candles in the middle-day services ; no bowing east, or excessive dressing up of church choristers, were done or allowed in his simple church or service."

Conflict with the Americans started in 1812. Newark was in the thick of the fight. Troops at Fort George fought stubbornly. General Brock was killed, but warfare waged more fiercely. For a time the enemy prevailed. St. Mark's Church was used as a commissary's store and hospital. Butchers cut their meat on sacred stones ; the marks are still to be seen. Robert Addison was placed on parole—a prisoner in his own house.

There was worse to follow. The exasperated Americans, forced to withdraw, burned public buildings, the church and about 150 houses down to the ground. The inhabitants were left cold, hungry, and desperate. Hope came again, and resolution stiffened when news came that the British forces were in the Old Fort at Niagara, and were sweeping onwards triumphantly. They, too, destroyed ruthlessly, revenge casting out pity.

Then came peace, and on both sides of the border men settled to hard work, and to laying foundations of a nobler civilization, and of commercial prosperity.

Robert Addison rebuilt St. Mark's Church, and went on to win his crown of immortality. After I had preached in the ancient edifice, I looked with renewed interest at the tablet to his memory. I read :

> " In memory of Rev. Robt. Addison, first missionary in this district of the venerable the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He commenced his labours in 1792, which, by the blessing of Divine Providence, he was enabled to continue for thirty-seven years. Besides his stated services as minister of St. Mark's in this town, he visited and officiated in different parts of this and adjoining districts until other missionaries arrived. Remember them which have the rule over you."

Robert Addison's Newark is now Niagara-on-the-Lake. It is no longer a storm centre. War's hatchet is buried, and invaders from the United States seek the village because it is a vale of peace affording a quiet resting place beside still waters.

Its pristine glory began to fade when in 1794 it ceased to be the capital and seat of government. That privilege passed to Toronto, then called York in honour of the second son of George III. In the previous year the adventurous loyalists from America turned out the French, who had been in possession since 1749.

These valiant traders made good progress until they came under the lash of the aliens from " over the water " and saw their buildings burned and their belongings purloined. The set-back, however, was only temporary. On the signing of the peace treaty, they resumed their work of restoration and development with confidence and zest. In 1834 an act of the provincial legislature conferred on the capital a charter of incorporation, with a mayor, aldermen, and councillors. It was constituted a city with the name of Toronto.

Toronto is the old Indian designation, and means " a place of meeting." It was here, before the coming of white men, that the Indian tribes in the vicinity assembled and planned common action. To-day it is the second largest city in the Dominion. I heard its praises sung as " The Queen City of Canada " by a Government speaker at a Rotary Club gathering in Niagara, New York. He was a sturdy fellow, full of information and ardour. His loyalty to the British Crown was undisguised ; his faith in the Commonwealth was not to be shaken by the cunning of men nor by the promise of trade.

" I want you to remember, gentlemen," he said, " that when you

look across the river, you see—with the possible exception of Russia—the largest country in the world. Its resources are vast, and almost inexhaustible."

He reminded the company, staunchly faithful to their own Republic, that the long, unguarded frontier was a symbol of the friendly relationship existing between the two great English-speaking nations. He declared that, united in commerce and sharing a common idealism, they could ensure mutual prosperity and deepen goodwill. These Rotarians, keen on fostering international understanding and comradeship, applauded vigorously. Then they stood up, facing flags of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. They sang "America" and also "God Save the King." This was more than a pretty gesture. It was an act of faith.

When I got back to the rectory I found a letter inviting my wife and me to Toronto. Its timing was perfect. At once I got into touch with my churchwarden, Dr. Connolly, and, as I expected, he offered to take us in his car, and to bring his spouse. We set off three days later. Apart from a puncture on the way, we reached the capital without trouble, after a journey which revealed more of the beauty and the industrial power of Upper Canada.

Toronto is well situated on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, almost due north from the mouth of the Niagara River. I noted its wide and busy streets, and the sky-scraper buildings in American fashion. Prominent were the parliament house, the lieutenant-governor's residence, the courts of law, the General Hospital (with accommodation for 15,000 patients), and the University. There are National Exhibition grounds which attract two million visitors in a year, together with a perfect paradise of varied amusements for light-hearted pleasure seekers.

Citizens tell you that they belong to no mean city, and that to be born there is a privilege which fosters responsibility. The majority are British, like the first settlers, the United Empire Loyalists of 1793. Remembrance of their heritage is inspiration and spur to effort. Their patriotism finds expression on Empire Day, when they demonstrate their loyalty to the Commonwealth and to its overlord, King George VI—God bless him.

The invitation for my own visit was from the Hon. and Rev. H. J. Cody, D.D., D.C.L., Chancellor of the University of Toronto from 1944 to 1947, and former Minister of Education for Ontario.

He greeted us affably, and took us to a local club for lunch. His wife was with him, and so too were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reed.

Mr. Reed is a former member of the University staff, and prominent in sports and antiquarian circles. I had a personal link with him through his cousin, Mr. Harold Brunton-Reed, a Sunderland publisher and a life-long friend. Thomas Reed's enthusiasm for the Old Country is unbounded. There was ample testimony in his visits, his library and his talk.

I sat next to Dr. Cody. In an interesting conversation, he touched on many things of mutual concern. " One of my earliest students at the university," he said, " was Arthur John Gadd who, after ordination here, went off to England. He is now Rector of Burnmoor, and I understand that you were his colleague in his previous parish at Bensham."

" You are right," I replied. " He told me that you were one of the two men who had influenced him most in life."

" He wrote to me about your exchange of parishes," continued the professor, " and insisted that I should be good to you. And so here I am, entirely at your command."

Not from him, but from others, I heard that the University owes much to his wisdom and administrative powers. One of the largest in the world, it numbers more than 6,000 students. Education is a passion in Toronto, and so the usual university curriculum has been extended to include courses in music, social science, agriculture and engineering. It has made important contributions on the problems of health. Research has been made possible by substantial grants from the Rockefeller and other funds.

Although more than four-score years old, Dr. Cody is so mentally vigorous that he was recently recalled by civic and university authorities for special service and expert guidance.

I looked at him out of the corner of my eye, and said : " You must have as much knowledge of universities as any man alive. Which, in your opinion, is the greatest of them ? "

He smiled as he returned my glance. " I suppose," he exclaimed, " I ought to maintain stoutly that the honour falls to Toronto. Well, I have a parent's love for it. In some ways, I think it cannot be beaten. But I must give the palm to Oxford and Cambridge : twin brothers in the academic universe. The old colleges—what pictures they are !—and the centuries of tradition, and the distinguished men of sound learning, and the standard of scholarship and culture are not surpassed anywhere else on earth. They honoured me by conferring degrees upon me, and so you see I belong to them and they belong to me, by adoption and grace."

He took us through Toronto University, every door opening at his knock. His face was aglow as he told of its achievements, its past history, and its hopes for the future. Let Oxford and Cambridge look to their laurels !

When he left us at the end of a long sight-seeing afternoon, Mr. Reed said to me, " Dr. Cody is one of the city's finest citizens. His mark is on it, his influence is widespread, and no man is more loved nor held in greater esteem. You must have been impressed by his modesty and charm. And he is one of the few parsons I know who has declined to become a bishop or an archbishop."

Mr. Reed took us for dinner to the Royal Park Hotel, which is reputed to be the largest in the Commonwealth and one of the best in Canada. It caters for the many wealthy residents in Toronto as well as for visitors whose stay is short or long. In the dining room, filled with guests, we found elegance, good fare, and excellent service.

Thus refreshed, we took our leave of our hospitable host, and sped homewards through the night. Our talk was of the magic of " The Queen City of Canada." When we got to Niagara the Falls were illuminated, stabbing the darkness with innumerable coloured lights. It was an arresting sight. We passed by the huge power stations, where the rushing waters, roaring like a thousand ravenous lions, have been subdued to the service of industry. I was told that Ontario is thus relieved of the necessity of importing six million tons of coal annually.

As I smoked a cigarette before going to bed, my thoughts went back to the government official who spoke so effectively at the Rotary Club. I came to the conclusion that he was right. The A.B.C. of Anglo-American peace and prosperity is America, Britain, and Canada, in partnership and full co-operation. The Dominion has the confidence of the United States and the United Kingdom, and is able to interpret each to the other. A threefold cord is not easily broken. Upon its strength mankind may come to rely for making the world safe for democracy and freedom and justice and righteousness.

Chapter XV

INDIAN INITIATION

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true ;
I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to
live up to what light I have.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In the congregation at St. Peter's Church I noticed several coloured people. Naturally, they were treated as members of the Christian family, and they made their own distinctive contribution. I thus got in touch with an old negro, who, although unable to be regular in public worship, had a rock-like faith. Age had softened his features, and I was struck by his habitual tranquillity, reflected in face and manner. He was a member of the Society of Freemasons in the United States, and was unyielding in his adherence to its principles.

His story was interesting. " My father," he said, " was a slave, and he would have been glad to know that I have made good in a small way, and earned the respect of the white folk." His father was only a stripling when he was given his freedom after the Civil War. He had pleasant memories of his former owners, who were kind and cultured people, encouraging him to develop a natural capacity for learning. He got work which left him leisure to read and study. His white neighbours were sympathetic and helped him. A member of the Episcopal Church, ordination became his goal and ambition. In the end, he succeeded, ministered to his own race, married, and brought up a family on a small income, all of them imbued with his own fine spirit of fidelity and honesty.

His son said to me, " I never heard my father speak evil or say an unkind word about anyone. Even when he talked to us of the old plantation days, he seemed to remember only the good side of them, although, of course, he disliked slavery and was aware of its abuses."

He invited me to his Masonic Lodge, made up of coloured men. I was sorry opportunity did not permit me to enjoy what would have been an unusual and pleasant personal experience.

I was in a happier position when another member of St. Peter's

Church, a North American Indian, asked me to visit the Indian Reservation at Brantford, and to preach in the first Anglican church in Upper Canada. It was built by the Mohawks in 1784.

The good Dr. Connolly backed his request. He promised to provide a car for the long journey. " Please do not thank me," he said. " You see, both my wife and I would like to share the adventure ; such an opportunity may not come again. It will be necessary to leave for Brantford immediately after our Sunday morning service, and I will be needed to take care of the lunch, and one or two other things on the way."

Once more the sun smiled on us from a clear sky. We passed through new country which revealed the vastness of Canada and its unbounded wealth of resources, crying out for thousands of immigrants to avail themselves of golden opportunities. There was a Sabbath calm in the villages and towns. Shops were closed ; few people were in the streets. But as we travelled I was learning from Mr. Burnham, proud of his Mohawk birthright, much Indian history. He was well informed, and I was alert for knowledge.

One of the greatest of the North American Indians was Joseph Brant, born on the banks of the Ohio River in 1742. In early youth he attracted the attention of Sir William Johnson, who sent him to be educated at Moor's Indian charity school, under Dr. Eleazar Wheelcock. When Guy Johnson succeeded his uncle, Sir William, as superintendent of Indian affairs, the Mohawk Chief was qualified to serve as his secretary. Brant was an officer in the British army in the wars against the French and Americans, and he led the Indian troops with courage, skill and success. When hostilities ceased, he and his tribe remained at Fort Niagara for some time, and then decided to settle on the banks of the Grand River, in Upper Canada. As the wigwams went up so, too, did a small, plain church.

Joseph Brant was an ardent churchman, full of apostolic zeal. He helped to translate the Gospel of St. Mark, and also the Anglican Prayer Book, into the Mohawk language. During a visit to England he collected money for his church, while Queen Anne sent to it a Communion set of vessels to mark her appreciation of the services of the " loyal Mohawks."

Described as " the most civilized savage of his time," Brant walked with the Duke of Wellington through the streets of London. Honours were showered upon him. He also received a royal grant of 3,000 acres of land by the banks of Lake Ontario—" as much as he could walk round from sunrise to sunset." This estate he first called

Wellington Square, in honour of the Iron Duke, but the name was changed later to Burlington. When he died in 1807 there was general lamentation. The body was laid to rest in the churchyard of St. Luke's Church, but up to about 1850 faithful Mohawks carried the earthly remains, on special occasions, through ancient woods and new fields, to that first Anglican church sheltered by the trees on the banks of the Grand River, Ontario.

It was at this unique edifice we made our first stop after leaving Niagara, except for a brief interlude for lunch. After what Mr. Burnham had told me, it was thrilling to stand in the old churchyard, and then to pass into the church itself. Indian children crowded the unpretentious building. When I stood before them to give a short talk, they looked at me with big and solemn eyes. Apparently puzzled by my accent and manner, they sat silent and impassive. I tried a little humour, with exaggerated gestures of my hands, and the ice was broken. A faint smile was followed by a peal of laughter. But, for the most part, they were still shy as they filed past me out of the church.

" These boys and girls are in our boarding school here," said the Rector of Grace Church, the Rev. H. F. Appleyard, M.C., B.A. " They receive an excellent education under modern conditions, and have both Indian and Canadian teachers. There is plenty of good food, of course, and a liberal endowment." He added that the Mohawks have remained faithful to the Christian tradition, and to the Anglican Communion.

I glanced at a church service form which he had given to me. One item read : " The parish of All Saints' Church, Mount Pleasant, is marking its 103rd anniversary to-day. The Boys' Choir of Grace Church have been invited to take part in the service at three o'clock. We are pleased to have our boys represent us on this significant occasion in the life of our neighbouring parish. After being on duty both morning and afternoon, the boys will enjoy a well-earned holiday this evening."

Among " Coming Events " I observed there was to be a Winchester Group Picnic at Oakfield, to be followed at a later date by the Chi Rho strawberry festival.

It was only a short run to Brantford, so named in honour of Joseph Brant. Near the imposing Anglican Church is a monument erected to his memory in 1886. An inscription records some of his imperishable story. The whites in the town, as well as their friendly neighbours, the Iroquois, regard Thavendanegea—the Indian name

of Brant—as a national hero. The Reservation also is a constant reminder of his power and influence. Here is a copy of the original document ceding the land to the Six Nations :

FREDERICK HALDIMAND, Captain General and Governor in Chief of the Province of Quebec and territories depending thereon, &c., &c., &c., General and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces in said Province and the Frontiers, thereof, &c., &c., &c.

WHEREAS His Majesty having been pleased to direct that in consideration of the early attachment to his cause manifested by the Mohawk Indians, and of the loss of their settlement which they thereby sustained, that a convenient Tract of Land under His protection should be chosen as a safe and comfortable retreat for them and others of the Six Nations who have either lost their Settlement within the Territory of the American States, or who wish to retire from them to the British—I have at the earnest desire of many of these His Majesty's faithful Allies purchased a Tract of Land from the Indians situated between the Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron, and I do hereby in His Majesty's Name authorize and permit the said Mohawk Nation and such others of the Six Nations Indians as wish to settle in that Quarter, take possession of and settle upon the Banks of the River commonly called Ouse or Grand River, running into Lake Erie, allotting to them for that purpose Six Miles deep from each side of the River beginning at Lake Erie, and extending in that proportion to the Head of the same River, which They and their Posterity are to enjoy for ever.

GIVEN Under my Hand and Seal of Arms at the Castle of St. Lewis at QUEBEC this Twenty-fifth day of October, One thousand seven hundred and eighty-four and in the Twenty-Fifth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King Defender of the Faith and so forthe.

By His Excellency Command,
(signed) R. MATHEWS.
(signed) FRED HALDIMAND.

Arrived at the Reservation, the home of about 6,000 Indians, Mr. Burnham took us to see his mother. She lives in a house with five good-sized rooms. There is a garden attached which provides ample supplies of vegetables, fruit and flowers.

"I have, also, lots of hens," said Mrs. Burnham proudly, "and I shall give you some fresh-laid eggs to take back with you to Niagara." A trained nurse, she has travelled widely; she rendered useful service in the last great war. Her main interest, when we called, was her grandchild. "The darling lives outside the Reservation," she observed. "The other week a white man stopped her as she was coming to see me and told her she would be scalped by cruel Indians with long knives. Poor dear, she was almost scared out of her wits until a neighbour saw her and brought her to me. I told her that this bad thing happened long years ago, but that the Great Spirit did not like it, and that now we tried not to hate but to love one another just as she and I loved each other."

Life in the Reservation demonstrated the truth of her words. Tribal feuds have ceased; former enemies are now joined in a fellowship making for unity and peace. Funds are plentiful for all. Work is by choice and not from necessity. A self-contained community, the members follow broadly traditional lines of government. A nation is divided into tribes, and normally each tribe has two chiefs. One inherits the office from his father; the other is elected, and may be deposed. The hereditary head wields great power, and his orders are obeyed almost without question. But time moves on, and mortals must keep step. New ideas operate, and changes become inevitable.

We saw this for ourselves when we went to the community hall, where a meeting was in progress to discuss problems of government. I gathered that even conservative Indians were pressing for greater civic rights, and for recognition and representation on legislative bodies. A woman was in the Chair, and she spoke with eloquence and understanding. She called out a name, and a Red Indian, in all the glory of full regalia, walked towards the platform. In such brave array his courage seemed to be impregnable. But he confessed he was nervous as he had never before addressed a public assembly. He stammered out a few sentences, and then hurried off the stage. He sat beside me and breathed heavily. "I'm glad that is over," he whispered. "I would not do it again for one hundred dollars."

There was a short interval. "What is it all about?" I asked.

"Well, some people want one thing; and some people want something else. They asked me to dress up for the occasion, and to say something. And I have done it."

He was an ingenuous fellow, soft in speech, and gentle in manner.

Suddenly, he nudged me, and said, " It's your turn now. I knew the president had her eyes on you."

It was true. The lady on the platform spoke gracious words of welcome, and then waited for my reply. My diffidence vanished in the applause that greeted me. Though my remarks bristled with platitudes, in an effort to avoid controversy, I did make it clear that we all belonged to the British Commonwealth, shared its privileges and its burdens, and could count upon a large measure of individual freedom, fair treatment and, above everything else, justice for all.

I had no hesitations one hour later when I gave an address at Evensong in a Reservation church. The majority of the congregation were Indians. Four women sang hymns in their tribal tongue so that the visitors from Niagara " might hear what it sounded like."

When the service ended we all went to the nearby church hall, where supper was served by Indian women, dressed in modern fashion and speaking English with a strong Canadian accent. They told me they were members of the Willoughby Branch of Welland County Women's Institute. In turn, I informed them that my wife and I had been friends of the late Mrs. Watts, a Canadian lady, who founded the Women's Institute, which has spread to most parts of the British Empire. I added that she was once a guest in our English rectory, and that we had motored her into Yorkshire where she was to stay at the castle of Lord and Lady Guisborough.

They gave me a copy of their programme for the year. I put it in my pocket for subsequent study. I found it was varied and comprehensive. I particularly liked some of the monthly mottoes : " Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you." " If you must be blue, be a bright blue." " Behold every woman can keep house better than her mother, until she trieth."

The " Institute Ode " of the Indian Women's Institute merits quotation :

A goodly thing it is to meet
In friendship's circle bright,
Where nothing stains the pleasure sweet,
Nor dims the radiant light.

No unkind words our lips shall pass,
No envy sour the mind,
But each shall seek the common weal—
The good of all mankind.

Men and women joined in handshakes and good wishes as we got

into the car for the homeward journey. It was close to the bewitching hour of midnight. We were glad to have powerful headlights to pierce the darkness, as some of the country roads were rough and broken. In the cathedral city of Hamilton the streets were crowded, shops were open, and there was entertainment for those who wanted it. We stopped to have what someone called " a short, sharp, savoury snack," before speeding on to home and bed.

Two or three days later, a North American Indian called at the rectory to see me. As soon as he sat down he said, " The Six Nations are holding their annual festival here in Niagara next month. We should like to initiate you as a member. Please say yes."

I said it at once, and thanked him for the proffered honour. As my knowledge of the Indians increased so also did my respect. There were ugly things in their history—what nation has escaped them ?—but there was also much to their credit. After the discovery of America in 1492, the white man had no contact with North American Indians until 1620. Yet the Iroquois League of Peace is traced back to about 1459, when it is said the legendary chief Hiawatha—" He makes Rivers "—inspired statesmen to unite Five Nations because of the uselessness of wars. The Iroquois federation became powerful, affirming its belief in human progress and civilization. Hiawatha—hero of the well-known poem by Longfellow—spread the knowledge (legend has it) of agriculture, navigation, medicine and the arts. He said he could conquer by his magic all the powers of nature which war against man.

One of his disciples must have been a gallant warrior and a sage counsellor named Buck-in-je-hil-lish, who shared the opinion of Chief Hiawatha that war is foolishness. At a council bent on battle he dared to say that only the ignorant make war, but the wise men and the warriors do the fighting. Such pacifism was not to be tolerated. His exasperated countrymen shouted he was a witch who had lived too long. They demanded he should give an adequate reason why he had not died long before he stained his tongue with heretical statements. He could give no sound explanation. And so, by order of his judges, a boy assailed him there and then with a tomahawk until he passed to eternal silence.

Other things also I had garnered from " The Life of Mary Jemison," to whose honour there is a statue in Letchworth Park. At the age of twelve she was taken captive by the Indians in the year 1755, and witnessed the murder of her father and family. Her parents, she believed, were born and brought up in Ireland before

they settled in America. Mary was adopted by the Senecas, who were kind and helpful. She was twice married, being well treated by her Indian husbands, and she brought up a family. For more than seventy years she lived with the tribe, and recorded their virtues as well as their vices in the narrative she dictated at the end of her long and chequered existence.

My visitor to St. Peter's Rectory agreed I possessed sufficient knowledge of Indian lore to qualify for initiation, but that I still had much to learn. He expressed the hope that I would pursue my studies when I got back to England.

At the last moment it was decided to include my wife among the twelve men and women who were to be given membership of the Confederacy. We were watched by a multitude of Indians who had assembled from many parts of America and Canada. Some wore their war attire. Important Chiefs were resplendent in full ceremonial dress, feathers and all. But though they urged their followers to dance and sing and to play upon instruments of music, they did not invite them to follow ancient custom by brandishing tomahawks, knives, and war-clubs, and cry out : " We will go in quest of our enemies and will march into their lands and spoil their possessions. We will take their women and children, and lead them into captivity. The warriors shall fall by our war-clubs, and we will give them no quarter. Our tomahawks we will dip in their brains. With our scalping knives we will scalp them."

Instead of indulging in a war display, we were called upon to emulate the movements of our Indian leaders in a peace dance. This is pleasant to watch, but it has traps for the unwary. In the original dance haunting tunes were played, and both sexes took part. The man stood erect and in one place, and struck the ground with the heel and toes of one foot, and then of the other, without any change of position. At the same time a squaw kept her feet close together, and without raising them from the ground, moved a short distance to the right, and then to the left, by first moving the toes and then the heels.

I do not claim that my terpsichorean efforts were entirely successful. But I did my best, and so too did my fellow initiates. Onlookers applauded and shouted and laughed. The Indian contingents did not disguise their satisfaction as they demonstrated their superiority over their new white comrades.

After this, Chief Clinton Rickard, with gravity and dignity, offered prayers to the Great Spirit, exhorted us to be faithful to our obligations, and pronounced words of adoption into the Six Nations.

I was showered with congratulations, and was also accorded the privilege of addressing the vast assembly. Cameras were busy recording the incidents of an exciting afternoon. I must confess that the picture which has strongest appeal shows me between two outstanding Chiefs, Clinton Rickard of the Tuscarora Tribe, and David Hill, an eminent Seneca.

Later, I was informed that my Indian name is Ga-Ron-Yak-Da-Dah, which means " Along the Sky." That of my wife is Ga-Ga-Sah-Gon-Pah, and by interpretation, " White Flower." My initiation certificate is now framed, and occupies a prominent place in my study. It reads :

> Honorary Certificate of Adoption to the Indian Defence League of America.
>
> Awarded to the Rev. James Duncan by the Beaver Clan.
>
> Obligation : Should you meet any fellow Indian who is in distress and in want of food or bread, and you have but one piece, you shall give one half, for it is the law of our people. It is the command of the Great Spirit, the Giver of all good things, and He has promised to give abundantly to the obedient.
>
> Among the Indians you shall be known as Ga-Ron-Yak-Da-Dah.
>
> Interpretation : Along the sky.
>
> Clan Mother's Name : Mrs. Edith Proman.
>
> Date of Adoption : 15th July, 1950.
>
> Signed : Clinton Rickard, Grand President.
>
> Mabel Proman Henhawk, Grand Secretary.

At the bottom of the Certificate of Adoption are the emblems of the Six Nations—Mohawk, Oneida, Onondago, Cayuga, Seneca, Tuscarora.

After the ceremony of initiation, my wife and I went to a friend's house for dinner. The meal was served in the garden. There were other guests and, as we expected, they were curious about our reactions.

I sat comfortably in a large chair, told my story, and answered questions. That seat had been freshly painted for the garden party. My host thought it was dry. When I stood up he realized, and so did the rest of the company, that he was mistaken. A discreet silence was maintained.

I made the discovery for myself when I got back to the rectory. My wife and I shook the rafters with laughter. I knew then that my initiation was complete. My war paint was there to prove it.

But I still wish I had not been wearing my very best trousers.

Chapter XVI

IN A MILLIONAIRE'S AEROPLANE

You must come with me and be my guest ;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honour you.

SHELLEY.

SOON after my arrival in Niagara I received a letter from Charles Krause. He wrote : " You must come to stay with us in our country home at Pine Lake. I think you will like this better than our house in Milwaukee. It is also an easy journey to Chicago, which I know you wish to see."

My mind was set on a trip to the Middle-West. But how to get there was the rub. The time factor was one problem. I did not desire to be absent from St. Peter's Church on a Sunday as I was responsible for the services, and did not think it right to delegate the duties to others. The cost of travel was another difficulty. I had to live on the stipend guaranteed by the vestrymen. It was sufficient for all modest needs, but I was obliged to conserve it as the agreement was for three months and I intended to have an extra month in the States at my own expense.

Mr. William Hutton, a friend of mine at the British Information Services in Chicago, put me on his lecture list so that I might obtain a few dollars to swell my funds. Then, reluctantly, he was obliged to write to tell me that the usual organizations upon which he relied had closed their doors for the summer.

And so the weeks wore on, and I had almost given up hope when faithful Fred Brown once more came to the rescue. " I am taking a week's vacation," he said. " Hilda and I propose to visit a relation in Chicago, and we hope that you and Mrs. Duncan will be able to arrange to come with us."

I almost hugged him. " Shall I ever be out of your debt ? " I asked. " But what about the time ? I must return for the Sunday services at St. Peter's Church."

" I have figured it out," he replied. " We ought to leave Niagara on the Sunday afternoon ; stay at Detroit overnight ; and make an

early start on Monday morning. Allow two days each way for the journey, and we shall have the rest of the week for sight-seeing."

I returned to the rectory and sent an air-mail letter to Mr. and Mrs. Krause to tell them the good news, and to inquire when it would be convenient for my wife and me to call.

The next day the telephone bell rang. A girl said, " Please stand by for a long-distance call." I waited for some time, and then I heard a man's voice. " Hullo ! This is Charles Krause speaking. How are you ? Now listen attentively. I have got your letter. We are delighted you are coming to see us. But you must not travel in an automobile. If you do, we shall hardly get a look at you. What was that you said ? "

I told him that we could not make a long journey by train. I could hear plainly his loud, clear laugh.

" I said nothing at all about trains," he exclaimed. "I have a better proposition to make. My pilot will come for you at Niagara aerodrome in my own aeroplane, and he will also take you back. He will get you across Lake Michigan in two and a half hours. What do you think about it ? "

I gasped. The suggestion almost took my breath away. At last I contrived to express my gratitude and thanks.

" The pleasure will be ours," he said. " Now let us fix the date you will come here. I'm in no hurry . . . We shall make the first day of your stay Monday, and on the following Saturday we shall send you back home in ample time to plan your Sunday work. Be at Niagara aerodrome, please, at three o'clock, when the pilot will pick you up . . . He is a competent fellow, and you may tell Mrs. Duncan she need not take out another life-assurance policy . . . Well, I will be seeing you."

My friend is in Big Business. Here was further insight into its methods.

Miss Thompson motored us to the aerodrome, which is on the outskirts of Niagara. The first person to greet us was Mrs. Krause ! She walked towards us, smiling, and holding out her hand. " I am so glad to see you again," she said. " I felt I must come for you, and I brought a friend with me. Let me introduce you."

Our new acquaintance expressed her pleasure at the meeting, and added, " It was kind of Mrs. Krause to give me this chance of an afternoon's outing, and to help to escort her English guests back to Charidan, Pine Lake. I live close by, and my husband and I will be honoured by a visit."

Then the pilot—a handsome fellow, who had trained airmen in the last war—told us to climb into the plane, and said, "Make yourselves comfortable. I am going to circle round so that you may view Niagara Falls from the air. It is a fine sight."

He was right. From a great height I looked at the magnificent spectacle of the roaring cataracts, the sinister whirlpool, and the swirling rapids. I could trace the windings of the river, and discern clearly the numerous islands in their coats of emerald green. It was a vast panorama of splendour, beyond the power of artist to paint or of the imaginative writer to describe adequately.

The aeroplane was large and comfortable. On the tables were books, magazines, canasta sets, and tablets for those who wished to guard against possible air-sickness. We swept over Canada, and soon reached Lake Michigan and so beyond sight of land. At times the plane seemed not to be moving at all, yet its speed was terrific. We landed at Milwaukee in clear afternoon light. I looked at my watch. We had covered 600 miles in exactly 150 minutes.

Mrs. Krause took possession of a car at the aerodrome, and drove through villages and towns until she came to a stately mansion standing in several acres of ground. Charles Krause was sitting on a chair by the door. He rose, bent with rheumatism, and with the aid of two sticks walked slowly towards us. His face lit up as he welcomed my wife and me to Pine Lake. It was genuine, for he hates humbug and pretence. I knew that though his body is weak his will is resolute. I was aware also that in business he had proved his sagacity, his courage, and his humanity. But I did not know until I stayed with him that he was a millionaire, and had prospered largely through his personal initiative and enterprise.

His pride in his house was pardonable. He had cause to be pleased with it. It was on palatial lines, and combined elegance with comfort. It was furnished with taste and discrimination and without ostentation.

I found my way into the library. It surprised and delighted me. There were rare classics as well as modern literature. I could cheerfully have lost myself in it for the rest of the week.

A butler and his wife looked after the house. Gardeners kept the gardens and lawns in perfect order. These stretched down to Lake Pine, whereon ships spread their sails and showed their speed. There were large and small cars in the garages—and there was also the private aeroplane in Milwaukee, under the care of a proficient pilot.

"Do you like our country home?" Charles Krause asked me.

" It's lovely," I replied. " It's good to be here after the roar of traffic in big cities and the hustle and hurry of the citizens. I feel I want to relax, to be quiet, to have friendly talk, to think, and to enjoy the rich beauty of the place."

" I'm glad you like it all," he said. " My wife is the artist, and we planned it together. We want you to understand that as long as you are our guest it is yours as well as ours. We are glad to see you here ; we shall be sorry to see you go."

He made me think of Pope's lines :

> For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
> Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

This modest millionaire—the adjective is justified—is a staunch member of the Episcopal Church in America. The local rector, whose son is at Oxford, testifies to his faith and generosity. But wealth is no protection against the hard blows of fate. A few months ago the only son of Charles Krause was killed in a motor car accident. Young and able, he was on the point of taking control of the firm to permit his father to slow down his business activities.

Both parents, of course, were stunned by the heavy blow, but they mastered their grief, strengthened each other, and found consolation in their grandchildren.

The son's mantle fell on the broad shoulders of a lawyer whom Charles Krause had befriended. " When he qualified as an advocate," he told me, " I took him into my firm because I liked him at sight. His father and mother were British, but I refused to hold that against him." He smiled. " I fancy he got his dependableness and his honesty from his parents. At any rate, he's justified my confidence, and, what's more, he will listen to and accept suggestions I make now and again."

I met the hero of this success story. It was clear that he had won promotion by merit. A quiet manner could not hide his quality. British integrity was linked with American business acumen. His son was dining with us, and he made his own contribution to the feast. Born in the States, he told me that he liked the American way of life. He was at Harvard. When I suggested he might sample the English fashion of looking at things by spending two or three years at Oxford or Cambridge, he replied at once, " I am sorry, sir, but I am afraid I could not do it. I have passed beyond that stage of tutelage. A man, you know, must be really adult to get into Harvard these days."

Charles Krause, having applauded these sentiments, made amends by taking my wife and me to see his house in Milwaukee. Like his country home, it was large and attractive. It was near park and lake. I noticed its magnificent treasures, collected in travels abroad, and its fine pictures, and a brave array of books.

" My roots are in this house," said the owner. " It has been the scene of exciting business exploits. I shall be loath to part with it."

" Are you going to sell it ? "

" No. I think I shall give it to a local authority to turn into a library or something of the sort. Milwaukee has done a lot for me and mine. It seems equitable, therefore, to do something for the town in return."

The next night we had dinner in one of Milwaukee's most exclusive clubs. There were seven of us, and we consulted together about a menu—which offered wide choice. It was a cheerful party, but the merriest member was Johnnie, son-in-law of our host and hostess. At the end of the meal he and I went into the cloak room. As I put on my coat he said facetiously, " The men who dine in this club always wear excellent hats. There is a fine variety of panamas to-night. You ought to look round and pick a good one. I won't tell."

" Thank you," I retorted, " for the suggestion. I can see nothing better than the one I have with me, and which I bought in England. I shall stick to my own."

On the following morning, Mrs. Krause motored my wife and me to the railway station to catch a train to Chicago. As we stood on the platform, my spouse said sharply, " Whose is that hat you have on your head ? "

" My own," I replied. I took it off and handed it to her. " It isn't yours," she cried, " and, what is worse, it isn't nearly so good."

I turned to Mrs. Krause. " Now, what will Johnnie think of me ? "

" I shall telephone the news to him as soon as I get home," she replied in her sweetest voice.

We waved to her from the train. She was still laughing as she pointed to the hat I was holding in my hand.

Bill Hutton had promised to meet us on our arrival in Chicago. A young and charming woman came forward to introduce herself as his wife. " Bill could not come himself," she explained, " and from his description I was confident I could spot you at sight."

Mrs. Hutton called a taxi, and we went for a quick run through the town. She pointed out its chief features, and briefly outlined its history.

Chicago is ideally situated at the southern end of Lake Michigan. The commercial and railroad centre of the United States, it is busy day and night. It is gorged with prosperity. It is fourth in size among the cities of the world, but a little more than a century ago it was a military post of a few houses.

Clever engineers reclaimed hundreds of acres of land from Lake Michigan, and these have been transformed into green parks, lagoons, flower-gardens, fountains and elm-lined drives. Michigan Avenue is the most famous of its well-planned streets, and it was in a restaurant there that Mrs. Hutton told us she had been married only a short time.

" We have been living in a comfortable hotel," she said, " and you may use our rooms during your short stay in Chicago. It happens, by good luck, that we have just moved into a house of our own, and are now sleeping in it."

After lunch we went to the offices of the British Information Services, where Bill Hutton is in charge of the publicity work. " I sell Britain to the Americans," he told me. I gathered that he meant he presented the policy and views of the United Kingdom through radio and television talks, newspapers, books, pamphlets, lectures and personal interviews. He showed me the B.I.S. offices, introducing me to the official staff. Many of them were from the Old Country ; they impressed me with their zeal, intelligence and ability.

" The work is difficult at times," said Bill Hutton, " but people in the Middle-West are ready to listen to a speaker who puts a case objectively, avoids tricks and is restrained and reasonable."

" What about the Press ? " I asked. " Does the *Tribune* stir up much animosity against Britain ? "

" Well, it is powerful and widely read. The coloured cartoons are clever and effective. Now and again editorials turn on their heavy batteries, and a good reporter will not hesitate to pick up a stick and hit us hard if he thinks it serves the policy of his paper. Colonel McCormick is pleasant to us at the British Information Services, and personal relationship with him and his editorial staff is easy and amicable."

I mentioned that I had a letter of introduction to the Colonel, and Bill rang up his secretary at once. She promised to try to arrange a meeting, but on the following morning telephoned to

say that the Colonel would not be at the *Tribune* office until later in the week, and would see me then. I could not extend my stay, and so had to content myself with a look at the huge newspaper building.

Bill Hutton took me to the Press Club and to other places where newspapermen assembled. I heard no harsh word nor critical comment about Great Britain from any of them. They gave me the impression that they believe the safety of civilization depends on a strong union and increasing co-operation of the two English-speaking nations.

Now, by happy chance, Fred Brown and his wife had just reached Chicago, and so we met and spent some hours together. In the middle of the morning we went to a radio studio for a programme sponsored by a well-known American business firm. Expensive prizes were offered to visitors to the city who volunteered to speak and answer simple questions. The large room was packed ; we found our fellow travellers genial and communicative.

It was all good fun, and effective publicity. Millions listen to this feature programme, and it provides a general topic of conversation in all parts of the United States. I asked Fred Brown, acquainted with both British and American broadcasting, whether he thought similar ventures would be popular in Britain.

He did not think so. " The B.B.C. standard is high," he commented. " As a Corporation it has sufficient money for its needs, and can command the best talents in all fields. Here in the States, there are competing studios, and they can only pay their way with the aid of advertisement programmes. Radio stations are run on commercial lines, and artistry and business make uneasy bedfellows."

When the radio entertainment was over, we decided to visit what we were told was " the largest store in the world." I asked a man in a crowded street whether he could direct us. " Sure," he said, " and none better. I worked there for forty years ; I only retired recently. It's a great emporium, sir, selling anything from a pin to an elephant. And the directors are human. They treat their employees with kindness and consideration."

" Do you think," I asked softly, " I could purchase there a really good panama hat to take back with me to England ? "

The salesman rubbed his hands in a professional manner. " You could indeed, sir, and it will be one of which you will be proud. My advice is that the best is the cheapest, and it brings lasting satisfaction."

"Thank you," I said. "I shall buy one to-day, wear it, and discard my present one for ever."

The shop was supreme in size and merchandise. I bought an admirable panama, put it on my head, wrapped the substitute in paper, and subsequently returned it to the rightful owner in the exclusive club at Milwaukee. I allowed him to retain my old hat, and so he profited by the exchange. Later, Johnnie admitted justice had been done in handsome fashion, and British honour vindicated.

Feeling a little virtuous after my purchase, I was ready for luncheon in the large restaurant inside the store. Fred and Hilda Brown, my wife and I took our places in a queue.

A well-dressed man touched me on the arm. "I see you are a clergyman," he said. "I belong to a club that meets here once a week for a friendly gathering and lunch. I shall be so glad if you will join us as my guest. It will save your time, and I can promise you a satisfactory meal."

I thanked him, and told him I was with friends. "I understand," he remarked, "but I am sorry we could not fix it."

I ought not to have been surprised at such an invitation from a stranger. I was learning that it is the unexpected that is to be expected by an English parson travelling in America.

Soon afterwards we took our leave of the Browns. We had to catch an afternoon train to Milwaukee. Here we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Krause, who took us in their car to Pine Lake. It was pleasant to settle in their cosy lounge and relax. Mrs. Krause and my wife became engrossed in a game of canasta. My host and I smoked and talked.

He said suddenly, "I don't suppose parsons in your country get a great deal of money for their work. I know that stipends in the Episcopal Church in America are meagre unless there are wealthy members in the congregation. We rarely have endowments such as you have in England, and our people must find all the money that is needed for the minister. Now suppose you could begin life again, and become a parson or a rich business man. Which position would you choose?"

"I would not change places with a business magnate as rich as you are," I replied, "if you doubled your bank balance for me."

"I'm interested. Do you mean that?"

"Every bit of it. I have enjoyed my ministry although, like other men, I have had my failures, disappointments and frustrations.

Yet people have been kind to me beyond deserving, and I have been happy and contented with my lot."

" Contentment," he echoed. " Yes, that is one of the best things in life. I have had my fun and thrills in building up my business, and I have numerous acquaintances whom I like and admire." He paused before adding, " A man makes only a few real friends in life—that is those who want you for yourself, drawn to you by some spirit of affinity. ' The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.' Shakespeare was a wise man, who understood human nature. He never wrote truer words." He raised a glass. " Your very good health," he said.

My wife and I spent the rest of our limited time at Pine Lake. We called to see the lady who had travelled in the aeroplane with us from Niagara. She and her husband also live in Elysium. The gardens were a blaze of colour ; there was the sound of rippling water, and the songs of birds.

On Saturday morning we left Pine Lake after a memorable week. Mr. and Mrs. Krause went with us to Milwaukee aerodrome. The pilot was standing by the aeroplane. " We are not coming with you," said our host, " and so the plane is entirely yours for the next three hours. Good-bye, and come again soon."

The eyes of Mrs. Krause twinkled. " I do like your new panama," she observed. " It suits you, and it is no imitation. It is the genuine article. You must keep tight hold of it."

Her last remark was : " We shall be lonesome without you both."

When the aeroplane was high in the sky, we looked down, and waved our hands in farewell. Then we played canasta on the 600-mile flight to Niagara.

My wife laughed at her easy triumphs. My thoughts went wandering to that quiet country house and its gardens and its lawns on the banks of placid Lake Pine.

Chapter XVII

AN AMERICAN DEAN IN ENGLAND

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a pleasing column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Cowper.

The Very Reverend Blake B. Hammond was in England for three months. As I expected, he settled quickly and happily in Easington Village, where the people received him and his wife and four daughters with characteristic cordiality. Barriers of reserve broke down at first meetings. Liking was mutual ; as the weeks passed it deepened into affection. There was general regret when the hour of parting came.

The children won all hearts. Lois and Mary Ellen attended the church day-school, which is opposite the rectory, and they also took part in Girl Guides' and Brownies' activities. Beverly and Carolyn, too young for this, were taken by their mother to tea-parties and (I was told) appreciated home-made delicacies and freshly-brewed tea.

Members of the Mothers' Union, and similar organizations, gave practical proof of North-Country hospitality by inviting Mrs. Hammond to their homes, and taking her on their summer outings. Led by the parochial church council, parishioners gave a public welcome to their American visitors. The Press spread the news of a gathering which was the first of its kind in the long history of the 800-year-old church, St. Mary the Virgin, Easington.

Interest in the exchange of ministers was widespread. People flocked into the church from many parts of the country, and offered personal greetings to the pastor in charge. Invitations for him to speak poured into his letter box. Church officials gave him wise counsel about these things, and then, by way of diversion, took him

off to a nearby golf course, and also to a swimming pool, football matches, boxing contests, county cricket games and whist drives.

The Rev. A. J. Gadd, Rector of Burnmoor and Rural Dean of Houghton-le-Spring, wrote to tell me that Dean Hammond had made a favourable impression at Chapter meetings, and was strengthening the cords that bound together the Church of England and the Episcopal Church in America.

The Bishop of Durham associated himself with the visit by preaching at a thanksgiving service in Easington Church, with Mr. Hammond officiating. Later, he entertained the Dean and his wife and children in Auckland Castle. He showed to them some of the treasures in this home of prelates, including the sword of Anthony Bec, powerful and outstanding among the Prince-Bishops of Durham, and for some time an incumbent at Easington Church.

In recording early impressions of Britain, Dean Hammond wrote :

I arrived in England on 27th April, 1950. I have not been surprised nor disappointed with what I have seen. I have read a good deal of the history of Great Britain, and kept abreast of current affairs of the nation. Thus, much of what I have already seen is in accordance with expectations.

For years I have desired to visit the home of the Saxons. My dreams have emerged into reality.

We travelled from Southampton to spend three days at Stratford-on-Avon. It made a pleasant resting place, as we all were weary after a journey of 3,600 miles by land and sea. I enjoyed the quietness in the abode of William Shakespeare, England's immortal bard.

We motored across country to York, passing through Warwick, Coventry, Leicester, Nottingham and the Dukeries. It was invigorating to see the countryside of this blessed land.

York Minster overwhelmed me. It was so fascinating that I talked to the verger for more than two hours, oblivious of time. I saw Winchester Cathedral on my first day in England, but, magnificent though it is, it seemed to pale before the Minster at York.

We went on to Durham, with only a glimpse at the castle and cathedral, for we were met on arrival at the station by members of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Easington Village. They took us by car to our temporary home. There was a service in the church, and then a warm welcome and tea in the parish hall.

It made us feel at home ; and that is one of the happiest sensations mortal man (or woman) can experience.

I made an early visit to Durham Cathedral. I was at once impressed by its massive might and tremendous power. On entering the nave, I became conscious of a friendly, warm and welcoming spirit in the sacred building. It marks perhaps the genius of the builders. They combined gigantic strength of the pillars with a feeling for devotion and worship. It was a lesson that more of us ought to learn, clergy and laity alike, who are members of God's Church.

Newcastle Cathedral also impressed me. It may justly be proud of its choir screen and side altars and crypt chapel. To me this is a workable and practical church, able to meet the needs of those who worship in it.

I was much attracted by the small country churches. These reflect the spirit of the Church of England in bygone days, as well as in this modern age. It was good to see so many of them in such excellent condition, remembering that they were erected in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It made strong appeal to me as an American citizen. The oldest church on the Niagara frontier, where I live, is only 150 years old. Over in the States, we think that is quite something ! My church celebrated its 100th anniversary in 1947.

Naturally, my wife and I have been attracted to the buildings erected by the cunning of men in past ages. But our interest has been also in meeting the people of England, and seeing for ourselves what they are like, and how they are making out in these difficult post-war days.

My opinion is that the morale of the citizens of this good land is much higher and brighter than it is generally understood to be in America. I see healthful and hopeful signs of Britain's steady but sure economic recovery. I know times have been hard yet I now see gleams of light in the dark clouds.

I respect this country for setting a lead to European nations in shouldering the heavy load of restoration. Others might learn from Britain to stand firmly on their own two feet. I do not say this in any uncharitable spirit. We must bear one another's burdens, willingly and gladly. But the fact remains—personal responsibility must be accepted and discharged.

I find in the British all that I find in my people of the United States. We have the same common language, customs, interests,

cares, concerns, hopes and ambitions. These bind us together. Because of these things my wife and I and my four daughters are happy here in England.

Dean Hammond found that whenever he talked to clerical groups, someone wanted to know how an exchange of livings could be arranged. He had to explain that, at present, there is no organized planning, and that he and I were put in touch by Fred Brown, as described in the first chapter of this book. To help clergymen in Britain who may desire to go to the States " on exchange " he wrote :

> I agree whole-heartedly that it is an excellent idea for the clergy of the Anglican Communion to do as Mr. Duncan and I did—work out the details for themselves, and persist until the difficulties are overcome. For surely the experience received far outweighs any or all of the problems involved.
>
> The plan we followed has been to exchange livings and to reside in one another's rectory for a sufficiently long period to get to know both parish and people. Mr. Duncan and I exchanged stipends also : I would not hear of any other arrangement. My family and I have made out very well on our English income, and I am sure that Mr. and Mrs. Duncan are doing very well. And it makes me happy to know that their necessary wants are supplied by the stipend received from the vestrymen and not, in any way, by people's charity.
>
> How do clergymen of our two countries contact one another ? By personal friendship or by friends of theirs interested in a possible exchange. If a person wants to do something very much, and is willing to work for it diligently, it is likely to come to pass. With God's blessing and guidance, he will find himself where he wants to be.
>
> At least, this is the manner in which Mr. Duncan and I have striven, and we are equally confident that it has been a most satisfactory arrangement. He and I and our two congregations have been brought closely together in real Christian fellowship. This was our primary aim, and we believe we have been blessed in our endeavour.

In his travels in Great Britain, Dean Hammond covered a good deal of ground. Easington Village is largely agricultural, but coal mines, shipyards and factories are within easy reach. It is also a convenient centre for journeys by road or rail to Scotland, Ireland, and other parts of the United Kingdom. The American visitor

seized the opportunities which came his way for exploration, and thus records his further adventures :

Someone has asked me to give my impression of the County of Durham. I think it is a beautiful locality, having seen most of it. Now I know whereof I write. To know a place one must live in it and move around. I have surely done this. I have seen many people and I have visited them in their homes. I have noticed their mannerisms, and customs and habits. I now put it on record that I like the inhabitants of Durham : I think they are fortunate to live in a county which can point to so many beautiful spots.

I paid several visits to Durham Cathedral, and twice I went on to Barnard Castle, delighting in the lovely rolling country of the Tees, and in High Force, and then the expansive moors to Stanhope and Allendale. The sight of sheep grazing on the moors brought to life the many photographs and paintings of English pastoral scenes over which I have so often pondered.

Again and again I was impressed with the ancient parish churches and the still-glorious remains of abbeys like Finchale. It was a real treat to visit the Saxon church at Escomb, as well as to accept the gracious invitation to Auckland Castle, where the Bishop of Durham and his wife received us all most warmly, and where we were shown the episcopal residence and the inspiring chapel.

We visited St. Hilda's Church, Hartlepool—called after the famous Abbess of Whitby—and climbed the spiral staircase in complete darkness. At the top we were rewarded with a clear view of sea and town. We saw, too, Houghton-le-Spring, with the tomb of Bernard Gilpin, Apostle of the North, and St. Peter's Church, Monkwearmouth, and the old Church at Jarrow, both of them associated with the Venerable Bede, saint and historian.

I visited Edinburgh, Dryburgh, Melrose, Abbotsford, Ripon, and Harrogate, and other well-known places. They were fascinating, but they did not exceed in beauty what I found in Durham County itself. I could not wish to see a more beautiful church than that at Hallgarth, near Pittington, nor the churches at Dalton-le-Dale, Lanchester and Stanhope. Of modern churches in the diocese, I admired, among others, Burnmoor, Dawdon and St. Oswald's, West Hartlepool.

Then, too, it has been a privilege, which appeals to the romantic, to behold the ancient castles in the neighbourhood. I saw the

castles at Durham, Lumley, Raby, Brancepeth and Ravensworth, all of which recall the old nobility, and the grandeur of the so-called good old days. I was sorry to see some of the castles in ruin, but it was also encouraging to learn that a number of them are now being used for educational and other beneficial purposes.

Not to mention Easington Parish Church in this record would be a serious omission. For, surely, the Church on the Hill is an edifice, internally and externally, that is a credit to parish and parishioners. Honour is due to past benefactors, and also to the present members who recently restored and redecorated the ancient church at a cost of more than £2,300. This is indeed a House of God fragrant with the spirit of worship, turning the hearts and minds of people in each generation to the Divine Father, and to remembrance of true fellowship in Christ.

It has been a most stimulating personal experience to conduct services and to preach in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Easington.

I must also pay tribute to the people of Easington. No people could have shown to me and my wife and family more genuine friendship and loyalty. We have been welcomed into many homes, and taken by car on long and short journeys. All this has added to our pleasure. For though the transportation system in England is exceptionally good, it is more pleasant to travel with friends who know, and who are able to describe intelligently, places of interest. Such contacts have increased knowledge and comradeship. The most important thing we shall carry home with us to America is the friendship of English people.

Our visit, we all are agreed, has gone too quickly. I have to thank each and every person in Easington parish—and many out of it—for the kindness given to my family and to myself. We have had a gloriously happy time, and are deeply sorry to leave your shores. But some day we pray we shall visit Britain again. To this end we shall strive. And may God answer our sincere prayer.

Towards the end of his stay, Dean Hammond was interviewed by a representative of the *Church Times*. He said that he thought there could be a great spiritual revival in Britain. He himself had met a number of people who were longing to hear the Gospel. " But," he added, " your clergy are getting stale." He was convinced that the country's future greatness lay not in the material field, as it had in the past, but in the spiritual.

Dean Hammond said that he could not have wished for a kinder welcome from the parishioners of Easington. He gave about sixty addresses during his stay. He described his visit to Britain as " the most rich and abundant experience in my life."

The Dean said he was surprised to find that congregations in English churches were so small, in relation to the number of Anglicans known to exist in any particular parish. It was obvious, on the other hand, that most people did not realize how great was the influence of the Church in their affairs. Parochial activities were taken for granted, and used in a more natural manner than in the United States.

" You have a Mothers' Union service on (say) Monday afternoon," observed Mr. Hammond, " and a good many members will be present. That is an amazing thing to me. To get women in America to come out on Monday afternoon is impossible."

He said he was also impressed by the number of churchings which he was asked to undertake during his pastorate. In twenty years in the States he had never been called upon to read that office.

Dean Hammond, it is clear, may be put down as one who loves his fellow men. He is a good mixer, and that was one of the secrets of his success in a North-Country parish. People there like a parson who will " make himself at home and take a cup of tea." For the good Dean, his wife, and four daughters this was no hardship. More important, it appealed to them strongly, and became a source of unending delight.

This is how Mr. Hammond describes what he calls " Tea-Time in England " :

> People have asked me, repeatedly, what I like best about England. I have answered honestly : " The people themselves." And I mean this sincerely. There are times when I like them better than at other times.
>
> Tea-time in England is when I find the people at their best. England would not be England if there were not this period each day when they have their tea. Never let it cease to be ! It is far more important that you enjoy your tea than most English people realize.
>
> It is not just drinking tea that matters. You might drink a soda or a " coke," as we say in America. In fact, we refer to such an act as the " pause that refreshes." And this comes very close to what I mean by this statement.

Tea-time in England is that occasion when people everywhere in this fair land pause for a few moments, and refresh themselves. Not simply the refreshing of the weary bodies, though this is important too, but the relaxing of each person's mind and spirit for a brief spell.

It is all of this that has enabled England to stand up to the heavy load it has carried for the last ten years and more. Constant pressure and continual driving of one's self is most damaging to one's health and well-being.

Surely, the American people would have declined grossly, if they had had to bear as heavy a burden for so long a time, because they do not know the meaning of stopping for tea and enjoying a short, free period of relaxation and fellowship with one's family or friends or fellow workers.

Americans keep on pushing through a long afternoon of work, and because they have not broken this lengthy period of pressure, they return home weary and tense and on edge, and too often vent their feelings on one another.

Fundamentally, this is one of the basic and pertinent causes for so many broken homes that end in divorce in America.

So to me, tea-time in England is a most vital and important institution of this good land. And, I reiterate, never let it cease to be !

It is good to be able to provide the right conclusion to this tea-time story. There was a farewell service in church on the night before Dean and Mrs. Hammond and the four children left the parish for Southampton. Then everybody crowded into an adjacent hall. The Dean received, as a memento of his pastorate at Easington, a painting of Durham Cathedral. The Mothers' Union choir gave to Mrs. Hammond a replica of the Cathedral's famous Sanctuary knocker. Girl Guides paid tribute in song and dance to Lois, Mary Ellen, Beverly and Carolyn Hammond and then presented a book to each.

Tea was served all round, with special dainties for the honoured guests, followed by the singing of the national anthem, " America " and " Auld Lang Syne."

Before he left, Dean Hammond planted mahogany seeds in the churchyard of the ancient church. " It was meant to be," said an official, " symbolical of planting the good seed in honest and true hearts . . . None here can tell what the harvest will be. But of this

we may be certain : Dean Hammond and his wife and family carry away with them the goodwill, affection and friendship of the people of Easington and district. We trust the souvenirs they received will ever remind them of an experiment that was novel and well worth while."

A flag of the Stars and Stripes has been dedicated and now hangs in the sanctuary of Easington Church. It was the gift of the people of St. Peter's Church, Niagara Falls. A St. George's flag was sent in exchange.

The seas divide us. But in the wide fellowship of the Anglican Church we are one in spirit, faith and love.

Chapter XVIII

END OF THE STORY

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition ;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.

SHAKESPEARE.

As I have already told, Mr. Augustus Porter was my counsellor and friend from the start of my ministry at St. Peter's Church, Niagara. He was never obtrusive, but was always at hand when need arose. His wisdom sprang from understanding. And he was prompt to say the gracious thing that encouraged and inspired.

Towards the end of my stay, he said : " Before you leave us, I want you to know that I am pleased about the exchange of parishes. I welcomed the experiment. In my opinion—and I speak also for others, of course—it has succeeded beyond expectations. From what I learn from Blake Hammond, I am confident it has brought pleasure and profit both to Easington and Niagara."

A few days later, Augustus Porter was stricken with a serious malady. An operation became imperative. Before he went into hospital for it, I called to see him. After prayer and the blessing, he thanked me with the imperturbable smile and level voice that attracted me to him when we first met. But his faith and fortitude and the skill of specialists could not save him. He passed peacefully to his end, with the trumpets sounding at the other side.

The next day was Sunday, 6th August, and marked the official close of my temporary pastorate. The morning service, intended to be my valediction, became instead a memorial service for Mr. Porter, churchwarden and vestryman for many years.

It was a strange chance that after dining with him on my arrival in the parish I should be called on my last official day to discharge so sad a duty. In my address, I said : " Augustus Porter was the first member of the church to greet me when I reached Niagara. I went straight to his house, and so kind and sincere was his welcome that all my lurking doubts and fears vanished instantly. From him I

gained my early (and lasting) favourable impressions of parish and people. To-day I formally relinquish my responsibility . . . I shall remember Mr. Porter as a great American gentleman. He was gentle in manner, unfailing in courtesy, and invariably thoughtful for others. He was worthy of man's approbation, and of Heaven's reward."

At the request of relations and church officials, I officiated at the funeral service. Mr. Porter's friend, Canon Mosher, read some of the prayers. As Bishop Scaife was unable to be present, his Archdeacon, the Venerable Samuel N. Baxter, represented him, and also assisted. The simple rites were taken from the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church in America. There was no address.

The church was crowded with people who had assembled from Niagara and neighbourhood to pay tribute to a notable and much-loved citizen. Sorrow was softened by the assurance through the Risen Christ that death is swallowed up in victory.

The Archdeacon and I went with the family to Buffalo, where the body was cremated. I discharged the last offices, commending the soul to God, and pronounced the final blessing.

When I got back to the rectory, I looked sadly across the road at the house which would know Augustus Porter no more. His death brought me the most poignant grief that I experienced during my ministry in America. Until then it had been one of almost unalloyed happiness. This great grandson of Niagara's first pioneer, although proud of his illustrious ancestor, was probably the only person unaware of his own greatness and widespread popularity.

Later in the week, Dean and Mrs. Hammond and their four daughters returned to the rectory in Niagara. The two youngest children had contacted measles on the journey, and were put straight into bed. They were lively patients, who preferred frozen custard to medicine, and soon recovered their normal health. They and their sisters were unanimously in favour of afternoon tea in English fashion. " We often had three separate teas," said Lois, " in one day. We were allowed as many cups of tea as we could drink, and as many cakes as we could eat."

They told me of their experiences with the Girl Guides and Brownies and of their parting gifts and of their reluctance to leave their new friends. " We did not want to come back," said Mary Ellen. " It wasn't, of course, because we do not like our own home. We do. But we loved England, and all the kind folk we met there. And, O dear me, we do miss the nice afternoon teas."

While Mrs. Hammond and my wife exchanged ideas about rations, fashions and prices, the Dean and I shared impressions, and compared notes.

" People in the States tell me," I said, " that they find Englishmen reserved and stiff and inclined to adopt a strong silent-man attitude. They get on better, I gather, with travellers from Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Now that you have seen the Saxon in his own country and at close quarters, what is your opinion ? "

The Dean of Niagara is a big man of cheerful countenance. He has a strong and infectious laugh. He roared merrily before he said : " I confess I thought along similar lines until I sailed across the Atlantic for Southampton. Now I know I was wrong. I found that the English have a horror of gush, undue familiarity, and intrusion on another person's privacy. This makes them go slowly with new acquaintances. But, when the ice has been broken, and mutual trust established, they lose their inhibitions, and will give you the run of their homes, the best of their meagre rations, and the key of the safe. I made scores of friends, and, although we are now separated by land and water, our hearts are linked for life's duration."

He looked at me from behind his glasses, and asked, " Is there anything else biting you ? "

" Yes there is," I replied promptly. " I have been told many times that an Englishman has no sense of humour. At first I thought you Americans were having a joke at my expense. Now I know that the belief is widely held. One good fellow assured me, in his most serious vein, that if he tried one of his best stories on a Briton there would be no reaction until three days had passed when laughter would at last shatter the air. Did you find that your quips fell flat and that your wisecracks failed to penetrate into the alleged dull understanding of your numerous English audiences ? "

The Dean cleared his throat in ecclesiastical manner.

" Well, frankly," he said, " the answer is—sometimes yes, and sometimes no. Humour is often a matter of custom, tradition and race. The English like verbal felicities, ready wit, a play upon words, and a subtle climax that calls for quick thought for full flavour and appreciation. Now I fancy that we who live in America are more direct in our approach. We leave less to the imagination, and we love broad farce. I think we are more easily moved to laughter than the English, and that our genuine wisecracks are the best of their kind in the market places of the world. Did you feel hurt when you were told so frequently that the English have no sense of humour ? "

"Not a bit," I replied. "I liked it. You see I, myself, am a Scotsman. I have waited for this ever since I heard that Sydney Smith, long years ago, declared it took a surgical operation to get humour out of a Scot, and that he knew nothing better for this particular purpose than a corkscrew."

There came another thunderous laugh. Thus emboldened, I ventured to continue to play the part of Socrates and try another question. I went on: "Talking of Scotland reminds me of its immortal bard, Robert Burns, who wrote:

'O wad some power the Giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us.'

"Now I have been reading some of the comic verses of Mr. Ogden Nash, who, I believe, is one of America's leading authors. In satirical vein he penned the lines:

'. . . every Englishman is convinced of one thing, viz.,
That to be an Englishman is to belong to the most exclusive club there is.'

"You have met recently men and women of all social classes in Britain. Did you meet many of these superior creatures, towering over other men like gods, grand in manner, and ultra-refined in speech?"

"Frankly, no," Blake Hammond replied. "It was delightful to talk to an educated man, with cultured accent. I admire the qualities of the person you would describe as an English gentleman. He possesses something of greater value than wealth. I also like the Durham dialect although I could not always understand it. Of course, I did run across pomposity and affectation, but the sin of pride is a deadly sin to be found in all quarters of the globe."

It was after this talk that the Dean and I made a joint-broadcast on our experiences as exchange ministers. He said pleasant things about Great Britain, praising the courage, good humour, and the determination of the people to battle through austerity and present-day trials to economic security and national independence.

Then, looking at me impishly, he tried a little raillery.

"I must not paint a one-sided picture," he said to his unseen listeners. "I know that the British people are on rations, while we have plenty of food of all kinds. But I must say that I think their cooks are behind ours in their cooking. It seems to me they lack imagination. I will leave it to Mr. Duncan here to defend them—if he can."

He gave place to me at the microphone. "I should be lacking in

courtesy," I said, " if I did not express my thanks for the excellent food I have so much enjoyed in this land of milk and honey. My only complaint is not that your cooks have too little imagination but rather that they have too much of it. For instance, I have tried vainly, so far, to find out the ingredients of hot-dogs. They remain more mysterious than the English sausage."

I heard that the Anglophile sentiments of Dean Hammond were to the liking of his hearers who, like Oliver Twist, wanted more. In congratulating him on his broadcast, the studio manager said, " If you would like to broadcast a morning service from your church every Sunday for the next few months you may do so."

" Thank you," replied the Dean. " I will think about it, and let you know my decision in a day to two."

As we were walking towards the rectory, I said, " I was surprised you did not jump at once at the offer just made to you. I think it would be useful publicity for St. Peter's Church, and a personal distinction. I also gathered that the manager was prepared to pay you handsomely for your services."

There came a stentorian laugh. " It's the other way round," he explained. " The church must buy the radio time, and make a formal contract for a certain period. There are exceptions, of course, but this is the normal procedure in most of our States."

I had the privilege myself of broadcasting a religious service from a studio. The invitation came by telephone, and I was given the day and time. At the appointed hour, I walked into the office. I was courteously received, and shown into a room with a microphone on a table. I sat on a chair and waited. Suddenly, an announcer intimated that the service would begin, and that I was to conduct it. No one had troubled about its form or the subject of my address or the music. Fortunately, I had my own prepared sketch, and a watch in front of me. I fitted my extempore talk to the occasion, and I ended the service on the stroke of the time allotted to me. I walked out of the studio, said good-bye to a girl clerk, went down the stairs and into the bright sunshine of a summer afternoon. It was all delightfully casual.

I made for the nearest barber's shop. As I was sitting in the operating chair, I said to the hairdresser, " I have just been broadcasting a religious service."

" Sure," he replied, " I understand they always have one on a Saturday about one o'clock . . . Shall I take off any more hair, sir ? "

That was the first and last comment on my radio effort to provide an uplifting thought for pleasure seekers as they set out for a jaunt.

It was a much more inspiring experience to speak face to face to the congregation at St. Peter's Church. There was an atmosphere of devotion, common purpose, and spiritual contact. And so I was glad when Dean Hammond suggested we should be associated in the services on his first Sunday after his return to Niagara.

I assisted him at the early celebration of Holy Communion. We were together again for the morning service at eleven o'clock. The congregation, crowded to the doors, included Mr. and Mrs. George Mather, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown, making links with Easington, County Durham. Special hymns, music, lessons, prayers and *two* sermons combined to make an unusual and impressive service.

The Dean said he was glad to be home again, but that he had left England with regret. He was enriched with the greatest experience of his life. He was confident that the Mother Church of England and her daughter Episcopal Church in America would be drawn closer together by the exchange of parish priests, and would increase understanding of the Catholicity of the Anglican Communion. He added that he was proud to be one of the first to make the experiment.

I took as my text : " Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." I said : " Less than a year ago I knew nothing of St. Peter's Church, Niagara, New York. Now I feel I am a living part of it, with roots deep in the soil. I regard my fellow worshippers as spiritual kith and kin. The Church of England is the Mother of us all . . . My travels have brought to me memorable, thrilling, and intensely interesting experiences. Words are inadequate to express my gratitude for all the friendliness and hospitality I have received. I have been admitted into the homes, social circles, and—most important of all—into the confidences of members of St. Peter's Church, and accepted warmly as their temporary pastor . . . If I have said or done anything that has helped people in the parish or outside its borders, I am content and well repaid. The advantage is still with me : I remain the debtor . . . When I am back in Easington, I shall not feel far away. For we shall be united in the fellowship of the Anglican Communion, and by our common allegiance to our Master, Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

When the service was over, a large company assembled in the church hall to welcome home Dean and Mrs. Hammond, and to take leave of my wife and me. Good Dr. Connolly presided. He

spoke gracious words of affection and appreciation, and handed to me a cheque for a substantial number of dollars, and also a silver salver, thus inscribed :

> May the bonds which now unite us grow stronger as the good seeds which you sowed in our hearts and minds produce in our lives an abundant harvest.
>
> St. Peter's and Redeemer, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Aug. 13th, 1950.

Dr. Connolly added that he had received a letter from the Venerable Samuel N. Baxter, Archdeacon and Canon of the Diocese of Western New York. He desired to read it before passing it to its rightful owner. He read :

> Dear Mr. Duncan.—On behalf of the Bishop and the Diocese of Western New York, I am happy to have this opportunity before you take your leave of us to say what a great pleasure it has been to have you here.
>
> Not only has your genial presence brightened the meetings of the clergy which you have attended, but I know that your name has come to be known both in Western New York, and in the adjacent parts of Canada, as a priest of the Church of England whom we have been happy to have in our midst. You have done a great work, and have left a wonderful impression not only of yourself but of the Mother Church.
>
> May God protect you as you return home, and we hope the opportunity will present itself again to have you as a temporary member of the Diocese of Western New York.
>
> With every good wish to you and Mrs. Duncan,—I am, faithfully yours, (signed) Samuel N. Baxter.

My wife was the first to voice thanks and gratitude. She was equal to the occasion. I confess, however, that I found it difficult to express what was in my mind—and heart. I knew at that moment what Virgil meant when he wrote of " the tears in things." I eased the tension with a little humour, which brought an outburst of laughter. After that I did try briefly to convey to these warm-hearted people my appreciation of their consideration and kindness.

They then demonstrated their delight at the safe return home of their own rector and his wife, and gave a special cheer for the children.

And so we parted with mutual expressions of cordiality and

goodwill. I know now that I shall still be gathering roses in the December of life.

Mrs. Patterson, her son Lloyd (a theological student) and Miss Ruth Young, a trio of good friends throughout our stay in Niagara, motored us to Buffalo Station, where we caught our train to New York. We found time to take a cruise around Manhattan Island, and also to visit Radio City, where we were included in a television programme and saw our pictures on the screen.

As I had dollars to spare, we got a room in the famous Waldorf-Astoria, the largest and tallest hotel in the world. It is described as the " Unofficial Palace of New York." It was packed with a cosmopolitan crowd, and the lounge was a babel of voices.

I was attracted by the Starlight Roof restaurant, a room of great splendour. I read that " It extends along the entire front of the hotel on the eighteenth floor. It is 175 feet long and approximately 35 feet wide. The outdoor terraces, 200 feet in length, afford magnificent vistas of the city from three sides of the building . . . The Starlight Roof is equipped with a movable roof operated by electrical machinery, so that the room may be enclosed or made directly open to the sky at will. Beneath the roof is an inner ceiling of perforated ornamental screens designed to give pleasing patterns against the sky."

As we were enjoying a dinner—the most expensive dinner I have had in my life—in the Starlight Roof room, a waiter came to our table. " I heard your English voices," he said, " and I felt I ought to have a word with you. I was born in London, but I have now been in the States for several years."

" Do you like it ? " I asked.

" It's O.K.," he replied. " I earn more than 100 dollars (£35) a week, plus tips, meals and uniform. I come and go in my own motor car ; I own a house and garden, and there is always money in my purse."

He leaned forward confidentially. " I like the Old Country, sir, but I bet you could not get a better dinner there than you are now eating in the Waldorf. We are proud of the service too." His voice dropped to a whisper. " It's very expensive up here, sir. Try the coffee room. The food there is excellent and the charges are moderate."

I took his advice. It brought a rich return in dollars !

From the largest hotel in the world we went by taxi to the largest ship in the world—the *Queen Elizabeth*. It was our luxurious home

for the next five days. When we got into our cabin, a steward brought us a pile of letters, telegrams and parcels. These were from our friends in Niagara, and included baskets of fruit, boxes of chocolates and tablets of the finest soap in the American market. The messages were so friendly and appreciative that I was glad to be able to read them free from prying eyes. And it was thus that the amazing kindness of members of St. Peter's Church continued right across the Atlantic.

I served as chaplain on the liner, and took a Sunday morning service in the first-class saloon. I got an unexpected glimpse of James Stewart, the film actor, who was travelling to England with his wife and family. At night there was an excellent concert for cabin class passengers. Outstanding was a blind girl who was going on a pilgrimage to Rome. She played and sang Irish melodies and later danced with grace and skill.

I was asked to make an appeal on behalf of a fund for distressed seamen and their families. I told the large audience of a friend of mine who went from England to conduct a mission in New Zealand. On one occasion he was in the vestry when a churchwarden suddenly fainted as he was counting the collection. When he recovered, he pointed a finger at a solitary penny in a huge pile of silver and gold coins. Then he whispered, " There's someone here from the Old Country to-night ! "

As I was on my way to my berth, I met the purser who had invited me to speak. He greeted me cheerfully, and smiled. " You did the trick all right, sir," he said. " We got a record collection."

When the *Queen Elizabeth* reached Southampton we were welcomed on board by Sydney Walker, who had wished us *bon voyage* before we sailed on the *America*.

" How's the baby ? " I asked.

" Big and lovely," he replied.

" And still the finest child in England ? "

" Yes, and you may throw in America also."

A young man tapped me on the shoulder, telling me he was a Press representative and in search of me. He was keen to learn my impressions of the trip, and I gave him the information he required. It was in the newspapers when we reached London, which somehow seemed quiet and leisurely after New York. But we were glad to have two entertaining days there before travelling back by train to Easington Village. It was dusk when we arrived. We could just discern the ancient church on its hill as we passed by it on our way

to the rectory. Our maid had already spread a table for a meal, and the fire in the dining room was burning brightly. Familiar pictures were on the walls, and our favourite chairs looked inviting. I turned on the radio ; we listened to clear, English voices.

It was good to be home again, after all. But our talk was still of the friendliness and kindliness of people in the United States. " They were marvellous," said my wife. " It has been the most wonderful holiday of my life, thanks to all those generous folk. Realization has been even better than our most sanguine anticipations. What a story we have to tell ! It seems to me to be like a fairy tale."

" Well," I said, " it has a happy ending."

On that there was complete agreement.

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Duncan, J.

An English parson in America.

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